FAVOURITE
FAIRY
TALES.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

"Jack made many strokes at the Giant, but could not reach his body on account of his great height."

Jack the Giant Killer.

FAVOURITE

FAIRY TALES.

WITH

Twelve Coloured Illustrations.

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ALI BABA;

OR,

THE FORTY THIEVES.

In a town of Persia there lived two brothers, the sons of a poor man; the one was named Cassim and the other Ali Baba. Cassim, the elder, married a wife with a considerable fortune, and lived at his ease, in a handsome house, with plenty of servants; but the wife of Ali Baba being as poor as himself, they dwelt in a mean cottage in the suburbs of the city, and he maintained his family by selling wood in the city which he had cut in a neighbouring forest.

One day, when Ali Baba was in the forest, and preparing to load his asses with the wood he had cut, he saw a troop of horsemen approaching him. He had often heard of robbers who infested that forest, and, in a great fright,

he hastily climbed a thick tree, near the foot of a large rock, and hid himself among the branches.

The horsemen soon galloped up to the rock, where they all dismounted. Ali Baba, who could see all that passed without being seen, counted forty of them, and he could not doubt but they were thieves by their ill-looking countenances. Each took a loaded portmanteau from his horse and went towards the rock, when he who seemed to be their captain said, "*Open, Sesame!*" and immediately a door opened in the rock; then all the robbers passed in, and the door shut of itself. In a short time the door opened again, and the forty robbers came out, followed by their captain, who said, "*Shut, Sesame!*" when the door instantly closed; and the troop, mounting their horses, were presently out of sight.

Ali Baba remained in the tree a considerable time, and seeing that the robbers did not return, he ventured down, and cautiously approaching the rock, said, "*Open, Sesame!*" Immediately the door flew open and Ali Baba

"Ali Baba beheld with astonishment a spacious cavern, very light, and filled with heaps of gold and silver coins."

The Forty Thieves

beheld with astonishment a spacious cavern, very light, and filled with all sorts of provisions, merchandise, rich stuffs, and heaps of gold and silver coin, which these robbers had taken from merchants and travellers. Ali Baba then went in search of his asses, and having brought them to the rock, went into the cave, and took as many bags of gold coin as they could carry, and put them on their backs, covering them carefully with loose fagots, and afterwards (not forgetting to say, "*Shut, Sesame!*") he drove the asses back to the city as fast as he could. When he got home, he unloaded them in the stable belonging to his cottage, and carrying the bags into the house, he spread the gold coin upon the floor before his astonished wife, to whom he related his adventure.

His wife was delighted with possessing so much money, and wanted to count it; but finding it would take up too much time, she resolved to measure it, and running to the house of Ali Baba's brother, she asked them to lend her a small measure.

Cassim's wife was very proud and envious.

"I wonder," said she to herself, "what sort of grain such poor people can have to measure; but I am determined I will find out what they are doing." So, before she gave the measure, she artfully rubbed the bottom of it with some suet.

Away ran Ali Baba's wife: and having measured the money, and helped her husband to bury it in the yard, she carried back the measure to her brother-in-law's house, without noticing that a piece of gold was left sticking to the bottom of it.

"Fine doings, indeed!" cried Cassim's wife to her husband, after examining the measure; "your brother there, who pretends to be so very poor, is richer than you are, for he does not count his money, but measures it."

Cassim, hearing these words, and seeing the piece of gold which had been left sticking to the bottom of the measure, grew as envious as his wife, and, hastening to his brother, threatened to inform the Cadi of his wealth, if he did not confess to him how he had come by it. Ali Baba, without the least hesitation,

told him of his adventure in the forest, and the secret of the cave, and offered him half his treasure; but the envious Cassim disdained so poor a sum, resolving to take home fifty times more than that, out of the robbers' cave.

Accordingly, he rose early the next morning, and set out for the cave with ten mules loaded with great chests. He found the rock easily enough by Ali Baba's description; and having said "*Open, Sesame!*" he gained admission into the cave, where he found far more treasure than he even had expected to behold from his brother's account of it. He immediately began to gather bags of gold and pieces of rich brocades, all which he piled near the door; but after he had gathered as much or even more than his ten mules could possibly carry, and wanted to get out to load them, the thoughts of his wonderful riches had made him entirely forget the magic word which caused the door to open. In vain he tried *Bame, Fame, Lame, Tetame,* and a thousand others; the door remained as immovable as the rock itself, notwithstanding Cassim kicked

and screamed till he was ready to drop with fatigue and fear. He soon after heard the sound of horses' feet, which he rightly concluded to be the robbers returned, and he trembled lest he should now fall a victim to his thirst for riches.

He resolved, however, to make one effort to escape; and when he heard the word "*Sesame*" pronounced, and saw the door open, he sprang out, but was instantly put to death by the swords of the robbers.

The thieves now held a council on this wonderful event, but not one of them could possibly guess by what means Cassim had got into the cave. They saw the heaps of gold and other treasures he had piled ready to take away, but they did not miss what Ali Baba had secured before. At length they agreed to cut Cassim's body into quarters, and hang the pieces within the cave, that any one coming to it might be terrified from making further attempts; they also determined not to return themselves for some time to the cave, for fear of being watched and discovered.

When Cassim's wife saw night come on, and her husband not returned, she became greatly terrified. She sat up all night anxiously listening for his footsteps, and at daybreak went to tell Ali Baba of her fears. Cassim had not informed him of his design to visit the cave; but Ali Baba now hearing of his journey thither, did not wait to be desired to go in search of him.

He drove his asses to the forest without delay. When he came to the rock, he was alarmed to see the marks of blood; and on entering the cave he found the body of his unfortunate brother cut to pieces, and hung up within the door. It was now too late to save him, but he lost no time in taking down the quarters, and putting them upon one of his asses, and covering them with some fagots, he returned to the city.

The door of his brother's house was opened by Morgiana, an intelligent, faithful female slave, who, Ali Baba knew, was worthy to be trusted with the secret. He therefore delivered the body to Morgiana, to whom he related the

wonderful events which had ended in her master's death, and went himself to impart the sad tidings to the wife of Cassim. The poor woman was deeply afflicted, and reproached herself with her foolish envy and curiosity, as being the cause of her husband's death; but Ali Baba having convinced her of the necessity of being very discreet, she checked her lamentations, and resolved to leave every thing to the management of Morgiana.

Morgiana having carefully washed the body, hastened to an apothecary's, and asked for some particular medicine, saying it was for her master Cassim, who was dangerously ill. She took care to spread the report of Cassim's illness through the neighbourhood; and as Ali Baba and his wife were seen going daily to the house of their brother, in great affliction, the neighbours were not surprised to hear, shortly, that Cassim had died of his disorder.

The next difficulty was to get the body buried without discovery; but Morgiana was ready to contrive a plan for that also. Very early in the morning, she dressed herself,

putting on a thick veil, and went to a distant part of the city, where she found a poor cobbler just opening his stall. She put a piece of gold into his hand, and said he should have another, if he would suffer himself to be blindfolded and go with her. Mustapha, the cobbler, hesitated at first to comply with this strange request, but the gold tempted him, and he consented; when Morgiana, carefully covering his eyes, so that he could not see a step of the way, led him to Cassim's house, and taking him to the room where the body was lying, removed the bandage from his eyes, and bade him sew the mangled limbs together.

Mustapha, although much astonished, obeyed her order; and, having received two pieces of gold, was led blindfold the same way back to his own stall.

Morgiana then covered the body with a winding-sheet, and sent for the undertaker to make preparations for the funeral. These being completed, Cassim was buried with all due solemnity the same day.

Very soon afterwards, Ali Baba removed his few goods, and all the gold coin that he had brought from the cavern, to the house of his deceased brother, of which he took possession; and Cassim's widow received every kind attention, both from Ali Baba and his wife.

After an interval of some months, the troop of robbers again visited their retreat in the forest. They advanced with unusual caution and curiosity, and were completely astonished to find, on entering the cave, that the body had been taken away, whilst everything else remained in the usual order. "We are discovered," said the captain, "and shall certainly be undone if we do not adopt speedy measures to prevent our ruin. Which of you, my brave comrades, will undertake to find out the villain who is in possession of our secret?"

One of the boldest of the troop advanced, and offered himself; he was accepted on the following conditions, namely, that if he succeeded in his enterprise, he was to be made second in command of the troop; but that if

he brought false intelligence, he was immediately to be put to death.

This bold robber readily agreed to the conditions, and having disguised himself, proceeded to the city. He arrived there shortly after daybreak, and found the old cobbler Mustapha in his stall, which was always open before any shop in the town.

"Good-morrow, friend," said the robber, as he came up to the stall; "you rise betimes: I should think you, who are so old, could scarcely see to work by this light?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the cobbler, "old as I am I do not want for good eyesight, as you must needs believe, when I tell you that I sewed a dead body together the other day, where I had not so good a light as I have now."

"A dead body!" exclaimed the robber; "you mean, I suppose, that you sewed up the winding-sheet for a dead body?"

"No such thing," replied Mustapha; "I tell you I sewed the four quarters of a man together."

The robber was overjoyed at hearing this;

he was convinced that he had luckily met with the very man who could give him the information he was in search of. He did not wish, however, to appear eager to learn the particulars, lest he should alarm the old cobbler. He therefore began to laugh. "Ha! ha!" said he, "I find, good Mr Cobbler, that you perceive I am a stranger here, and you wish to make me believe that the people of your city do impossible things."

"I tell you," said Mustapha, very angrily, "I sewed a dead body together with my own hands."

"Well, since it is so, I suppose you can tell me also where you performed this wonderful business?"

Mustapha then related every particular of his being led blindfold to the house, &c.

"Well, my friend," said the robber, "'tis a fine story, I confess, but not very easy to believe; however, if you will convince me by shewing me the house you talk of, I will give you four pieces of gold to make amends for my unbelief."

The cobbler, after considering a little while, said, "I think that if you were to blindfold me, I could remember every turning we made, but with my eyes open I am sure I should never find it."

Accordingly the robber covered Mustapha's eyes with his handkerchief, and thus blindfolded the cobbler led him through most of the principal streets of the city, till he reached Cassim's door, when he stopped and said, "Here it is—I went no farther than this house."

The robber immediately marked the door with a piece of chalk, and giving Mustapha his four pieces of gold, he dismissed him.

Shortly after the thief and the cobbler had gone away from the door, Morgiana, coming home from market, noticed the little mark of white chalk on the door, and suspecting something was wrong, went directly for a piece of chalk, and marked four doors on one side and five on the other of her master's, in exactly the same manner, without saying a word to any one.

The robber meantime had rejoined his troop, and boasted greatly of his success. His captain and comrades praised his diligence; and being all well armed, they at once agreed to proceed to the town in different disguises, and in separate parties of three and four. It was also arranged by them that they were to meet in the market-place at the dusk of evening, and that the captain and the robber who had discovered the house were to go there first, to find out to whom it belonged. Accordingly, at the appointed hour the two robbers went to the street where the door had been marked; and having a lantern with them, they began to examine the doors, but found to their confusion and astonishment that ten doors were marked exactly alike. The robber who was the captain's guide was confounded, and could not say one word in explanation of this mystery; and so the party had to return to the forest in disappointment, which when they had reached, the guide was instantly put to death by his enraged companions.

Another of the troop now offered himself for the errand, upon the same conditions as the former. He at once proceeded to the city, and having bribed Mustapha and discovered the house, he made a mark with *dark red* chalk upon the door, in a part that was not in the least conspicuous; and carefully examining the surrounding doors, to be certain that no such mark was upon any one of them, he returned to his company.

But nothing could escape the prying eyes of Morgiana; for scarcely had the robber departed, when she discovered the red mark; and, getting some red chalk, she marked seven doors on each side precisely in the same place and in the same manner, still, however, keeping the matter to herself.

The robber prided himself very highly upon the precautions he had taken, and triumphantly conducted his captain to the spot; but great indeed was his confusion and dismay, when he found the same strange difficulty as formerly; it was impossible to

say, among fifteen houses thus marked exactly alike, which was the right one. The captain, furious with this second disappointment, returned again with his troop to the forest; and the second robber was also condemned to death.

Having thus lost two of his troop, the captain judged that their hands were more active than their heads in such services, and he resolved not to employ another of them, but to go himself upon the business.

He accordingly repaired to the city, and addressed himself to the cobbler Mustapha, who, for six pieces of gold, readily performed the same service for him as he had done for the other strangers. The captain, who, if not naturally wiser than his men, had certainly gained wisdom by experience, did not think of again contriving any mark for the door, but spent his time in attentively considering the house; he counted the number of its windows, and passed by it very often, to be certain that he should know it again.

After his return to the forest, he ordered

his troop to go into the town and buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large jars, one full of oil and the rest empty.

In two or three days the jars were bought, and all things in readiness; the captain then put a man properly armed into each jar, the jars being rubbed on the outside with oil, and the covers having holes for the men to breathe through. He then loaded his mules, and in the habit of an oil-merchant entered the town in the dusk of the evening. He proceeded in the direction of Ali Baba's house, and on approaching it, found him sitting in the porch. "Sir," said he, "I have brought this oil a great way to sell, but am too late for this day's market; and as I am a stranger in this town, will you allow me to put my mules into your court yard, and direct me where I may lodge for the night?"

Ali Baba, who was a good-natured man, gave the pretended oil-merchant a very kind welcome, and offered him a bed in his own house; and having ordered the mules to be unloaded in the yard and properly fed, he

invited his guest in to supper. The captain, having seen the jars placed properly in the yard, followed Ali Baba into the house, and, soon after supper, was shewn into the chamber where he was to sleep.

It so happened that Morgiana had to sit up later that night than usual, to get ready her master's bathing-linen for the following morning; and while she was busy about the fire, her lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house. After considering how she could possibly get a light to finish her work by, she recollected the thirty-eight oil-jars in the yard, and resolved to take a little oil out of them for her lamp. She took her oil-pot in her hand, and went noiselessly into the yard; and approaching the first jar, she heard a voice within saying, "Is it time, captain?" Any other slave, perhaps, on hearing a man in an oil-jar, would have screamed out; but Morgiana, suspecting now the true character of the pretended oil-merchant, replied softly, "No, not yet; lie still till I call you." She went to every jar, receiving the same question from each,

and making the same answer, till she came to the one filled with oil, from which she helped herself.

Morgiana was now convinced that this was a plot of the robbers to murder her master, Ali Baba; she therefore ran back to the kitchen, and lost no time in procuring a large kettle, which she filled with oil, and set it on a great wood-fire; and, as soon as it boiled, she carried it to the yard, and poured into each of the jars a sufficient quantity of the boiling oil to kill every man within them.

Having done this, she returned to the house, and putting out her fire and her lamp, crept softly to her chamber.

About midnight, the captain of the robbers arose, and perceiving no light any where, went down into the yard to assemble his men. Coming to the first jar, he felt the steams of the boiled oil: he then ran hastily to the rest, and found that every one of his troop had been put to death in the same manner. Full of rage at having failed in his design, he forced the lock of a door that led to the garden, and made his escape over the walls.

The following morning Morgiana told her master, Ali Baba, of his wonderful deliverance from the pretended oil-merchant and his gang of robbers. Ali Baba at first could scarcely credit her tale; but when he saw the robbers dead in the jars, he could not sufficiently praise her courage and sagacity. They kept the secret to themselves, and the next night buried the thirty-seven thieves in a deep trench at the bottom of the garden. The jars and the mules, as they were of no use to Ali Baba, were sent from time to time to the different markets, and sold.

While Ali Baba took these measures to prevent his and Cassim's adventures in the forest from being known, the captain returned to his cave, and having lost all his men, and been thwarted in his design, he for some time abandoned himself to grief and despair. At length, however, being determined to effect Ali Baba's destruction, he resolved to adopt a new plan for the accomplishment of his purpose. He accordingly removed a considerable quantity of the valuable merchandise from the cave

to the city, and took a shop exactly opposite to Ali Baba's house.

Having furnished this shop with every thing that was rare and costly, he gave his name as the merchant Cogia Hassan. Many persons made acquaintance with the stranger, and, among others, Ali Baba's son, who went almost every day to his shop. Cogia Hassan soon pretended great regard, and even strong affection, for Ali Baba's son, and offered him many presents. He sometimes also detained him to dinner, on which occasions he invariably treated him in the handsomest manner.

Ali Baba's son thought it was necessary to make some return for these civilities, and prevailed on his father to promise to invite Cogia Hassan to supper. Ali Baba did so at an early date, but Cogia Hassan would not accept the invitation, pretending that he had business which demanded his presence at home. These excuses only made Ali Baba's son the more eager to take him to his father's house; and on being again invited, the merchant consented to sup at Ali Baba's the next evening.

A very grand supper was provided, which Morgiana cooked with her best art; and, as was her usual custom, she carried in the first dish herself. The moment she saw Cogia Hassan she recognised him as the pretended oil-merchant. Morgiana was too prudent to tell any one of her discovery at the time, but sent the other slaves into the kitchen, and waited at table herself; and while Cogia Hassan was drinking, she observed that he had a dagger hid under his coat. After supper, and when the dessert and the wine had been put on the table, Morgiana went away, and dressed herself in the habit of a dancing-girl; she then called Abdalla, a fellow-slave, and asked her to play the tabor while she danced.

As soon as she appeared at the parlour-door, her master, who was very fond of seeing her dance, ordered her to come in and entertain his guest. Cogia Hassan was not very well pleased with this new entertainment, yet was compelled, for fear of discovering himself, to seem pleased with the dancing; although,

in fact, he wished Morgiana a great way off, and was alarmed lest he should lose this opportunity of murdering Ali Baba and his son, upon which he was quite resolved.

Morgiana danced several dances with the utmost grace and agility, and then, drawing a poniard from her girdle, she performed many surprising things with it; at last she drew near to where the parties sat, and sometimes presented the point of the poniard to one, sometimes to another, and sometimes seemed as if about to strike it into her own bosom. Then holding the poniard in the right hand, she presented her left to Ali Baba and his son, who each gave her a small piece of money. She next turned to Cogia Hassan, and while he was putting his hand into his purse, she plunged the poniard into his heart.

"Wretch!" cried Ali Baba, in terror, "thou hast ruined me and my family."

"No, sir," replied Morgiana, "I have preserved, and not ruined, you and your son.

Look well at this traitor, and you will find him to be the pretended oil-merchant, who came once before to rob and murder you."

Ali Baba pulled off the turban and the cloak which the false Cogia Hassan wore, and discovered, not only that he was the pretended oil-merchant, but the captain of the forty robbers, who had killed his brother Cassim; nor could he doubt that his perfidious aim had been to destroy him, and probably his son also, with the concealed dagger.

Ali Baba, who could not but feel very strongly the new obligation he owed to Morgiana for thus saving his life a second time, embraced her, and said, "My dear Morgiana, I give you your liberty; but my gratitude shall not stop there; I will also marry you to my son, who, I am sure, must esteem and admire you no less than does his father." Then, turning to his son, he added, "You, my son, will not refuse the wife I offer, for, in marrying Morgiana, you take to wife the preserver and benefactress of yourself and your family."

Ali Baba's son, having long entertained a strong affection for the good slave Morgiana, readily and joyfully accepted his proposed bride. The captain was buried that same night, with great privacy, in the trench along with his troop of robbers; and a few days afterwards Ali Baba celebrated the marriage of his son and Morgiana with a sumptuous entertainment; and every one who knew Morgiana said she was worthy of her good fortune, and highly commended her master's generosity to her.

Twelve months elapsed before Ali Baba thought it wise to go to the forest; but at length his curiosity incited him to make another journey. When he came to the cave he saw no footsteps of either men or horses; and having uttered the magic words, "*Open, Sesame!*" which he never forgot, he went in, and judged, by the state of things, that no one had been there since the pretended Cogia Hassan had removed the merchandise to his shop in the city. Ali Baba took home as much gold as his horse could

carry; and he afterwards conducted his son to the cave, and told him the secret.

This secret they handed down to their posterity, and, using their good fortune with moderation, they lived in honour and splendour, and served with dignity some of the highest offices of the city.

"No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
But gentle Robin Redbreast
He covers them with leaves."

The Babes in the Wood

THE

BABES IN THE WOOD.

A GREAT many years ago there lived in the county of Norfolk a gentleman and his lady who possessed considerable wealth. The gentleman was benevolent and kind, and the lady gentle and beautiful: they were beloved by all who knew them, and were blessed with two children, a boy and a girl. When the boy was only about three years old, and the girl not quite two, their father was seized with a dangerous illness, and their mother, while waiting on her beloved husband, also caught the disease. Notwithstanding every medical assistance, their disorder rapidly increased; and, when they found that they were likely to be soon removed by death from their dear chil-

dren, they sent for the gentleman's brother, and gave their darlings into his care.

"Ah! brother," said the dying man, "you see I have but a short time to live; yet neither the prospect of death nor my present sufferings can pierce my heart with half so much anguish as what I feel at the thought of leaving these dear babes without a parent's care. Brother, they will have no one but you to be kind to them, to see them clothed and fed, and to teach them to be good."

"Dear, dear brother," said the dying lady, "you must be father, mother, and uncle too, to these dear innocent lambs. Let William be taught to read, and also to become good and kind like his father. And little Jane,—oh! brother, it wrings my heart to talk of her. Think of the gentle usage she will need, and take her fondly on your knee, brother, and train her with affection and patience, and she and William too will, I am sure, repay your care with love."

"How does it grieve my heart to see you, my dear brother and sister, in this

mournful condition!" replied the uncle. "But be comforted, there may yet be hopes of your recovery; but should we have the misfortune to lose you, I assure you I will do all you can desire for the darling children. In me they shall find father and mother, as well as uncle; but, dear brother, you have not yet told me what arrangements you have made regarding the disposal of your money."

"Here, brother," replied the dying man, "is my will, in which I have made ample provision for my dear babes."

The gentleman and his lady then kissed their children, and a short time afterwards they both died.

When the uncle opened the will, he found that to William was bequeathed three hundred pounds a-year, when he became of age; and that little Jane was to receive five hundred pounds in gold on her marriage day. But if the children should chance to die before coming of age, then all their wealth was to belong to their uncle. The will of the unfortunate gentleman next de-

sired that he and his beloved wife should be buried side by side in the same grave.

The two little innocents were now taken to the house of their uncle, who for some time treated them with great kindness. But when he had kept them about a twelvemonth, he began to think lightly of the promises he had made to his brother on his deathbed, to be their father, mother, and uncle, all in one.

After a little more time had passed, the uncle could not help thinking that he wished the little boy and girl would die, for he should then have all their wealth for himself, and at last he could scarcely think of anything else; and one day says he to himself, "It will not be very difficult for me to kill them, so that nobody may know anything of the matter, and then all their wealth shall be mine."

When the barbarous uncle had once brought his mind to kill the helpless little creatures, he was not long in finding a way to execute his cruel purpose. He hired two strong

ruffians, who lived by what they robbed from travellers, whom they killed, in a dark thick wood at some distance. These two wicked men agreed, for a large reward, to commit the blackest crime that ever yet was heard of, and the uncle began to prepare everything accordingly.

He told his wife an artful story of how good it would be to have the children sent to London to have their education forwarded, and how he had a relation in London who, he was certain, would be delighted to take the greatest care of them. He then said to the innocent children, "Should you not like, my pretty dears, to see the famous city of London, where you, William, can buy a fine wooden horse to ride upon, and a whip to make him gallop, and a fine sword to wear by your side? And you, Jane, shall have plenty of pretty dolls and pretty dresses, and I will get a nice gilded coach to take you there."

The two little children were quite delighted with the thought of going to London in a

fine coach, and William cried out, "Oh, yes, uncle, I will go." "Oh yes, uncle, I will go," said Jane; and their wicked uncle, with a heart of stone, soon got them ready for the journey.

The unsuspecting little creatures were, a few days after this, put into a fine coach, and with them went the two ruffians, who were so soon to put an end to their joyful prattle, and turn their smiles into tears. One of them served as coachman, while the other sat in the coach between little William and little Jane.

When they had reached the entrance to the dark thick wood, the two ruffians took the children out of the coach, telling them they might now walk a little way, and gather flowers; and while they were skipping about enjoying themselves, the ruffians began to consult about what they had to do. "In good truth," says the one who had been sitting in the coach with the children all the way, "now I have seen their cherub faces, and heard their pretty speech, I have no heart to do

the bloody deed; let us fling away the ugly knife, and send the children back to their uncle." "That I will not," says the other; "what boots their pretty speech to us? And who will pay us for being so chicken-hearted?"

At last the ruffians fell into so great a passion with each other about butchering the innocent little children, that he who wished to spare their lives suddenly opened the big knife he had brought to kill them, and stabbed the other to the heart, so that he instantly fell down dead.

The one who had killed him was now greatly at a loss as to what he should do with the children, for he wanted to get away as fast as possible, for fear of being found in the wood. He was not long, however, in determining that he must leave them in the wood, to the chance of some traveller passing by. "Come, my pretty ones," said he, "you must each take hold of my hands and come along with me." The poor children each took a hand and went on, the tears bursting from

their eyes, and their little limbs trembling with fear.

Thus did this cruel man lead these dear children about two miles further on in the wood, and then told them to wait there till he came back with some cakes for them to eat.

William took his sister Jane by the hand, and they wandered wearily up and down the wood for some time. "Will the strange man come with some cakes, Billy?" says Jane. "Presently, dear Jane," says William; and soon again she said sorrowfully, "I wish I had some cakes, Billy." It would almost have melted a heart of stone to have seen how sad they looked.

After waiting a very long time, they tried to satisfy their hunger with black-berries; but they had soon eaten up all that were within their reach; and night too coming on, William, who had tried all he could to comfort his little sister, now wanted comfort himself; so when Jane said to him once more, "How hungry I am, Billy; I b-e-lieve I cannot help

crying," William burst into tears too ; and down they lay upon the cold, damp earth, and putting their arms round each other's neck, there they starved, and there they died

No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives ;
But gentle Robin Redbreast,
He covers them with leaves.

Thus were these harmless babes murdered ; and as no one knew of their death, so no one sought to give them burial.

In the mean time, the wicked uncle, supposing they had been killed as he desired, told all who asked after them, an artful tale of their having died in London of the smallpox, and took possession openly of their fortune.

But all this wealth did him very little good. His wife died soon after ; and being very unhappy, and always thinking too, as he could not help doing, that he saw the bleeding children before his eyes, he neglected his business ; so that, instead of growing richer, he became poorer every day. He heard also that his two sons, who had embarked for a foreign land,

were both drowned at sea, and he became completely miserable.

Some years afterwards, the ruffian who had taken pity on the children committed another robbery in the same wood, and being pursued by some men, he was laid hold of, and brought to prison, and soon after, being tried and found guilty, he was condemned to be hanged for the crime.

When he was told what his unhappy end must be, he sent for the keeper of the prison, and confessed to him all the crimes he had been guilty of during his whole life, and thus made known the story of the children in the wood, telling him, at the same time, in what part of the wood he had left them to starve.

The news of the ruffian's confession soon reached the uncle's ears, who, being already broken-hearted through his numerous misfortunes, and unable to bear the load of public shame that now awaited him, lay down upon his bed and died that very day.

No sooner were the tidings of the fate of the two children made public, than proper persons

were sent to search the wood; when after many fruitless endeavours, the pretty babes were at length found stretched in each other's arms, with William's arm round the neck of Jane, his face turned close to hers and his frock pulled over her body.

They were quite covered over with leaves, which in all that time had never withered; and on a tree near this little grave a Robin Redbreast sat watching and chirping, so that many gentle hearts still think that it was this pretty bird which brought the leaves and covered the Babes in the Wood.

CINDERELLA;

OR,

THE LITTLE GLASS-SLIPPER.

At a short distance from a certain great city, there lived a gentleman of fortune, and his wife an amiable and beautiful young lady, whom he had lately married. They were fondly attached to each other, and enjoyed the greatest happiness, which however was, if possible, increased at the time when our story begins, by the birth of a daughter; but, unfortunately for the child, the mother died before she had reared up her offspring, and left her husband a prey to sorrow.

Some time after this, when the gentleman's grief was a little abated, he resolved to look out for some prudent lady who might become both a mother to his dear child, and a companion to himself. Unfortunately his choice

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Cinderella.

fell on a widow lady of a proud and tyrannical disposition, who had two daughters by a former marriage, both equally haughty and bad-tempered with their mother.

This woman contrived to conceal her bad qualities so well that the gentleman was much pleased to think her so amiable, but they had not been long married when she appeared in her real character. She paid no attention whatever to her husband, treated his sweet little child with great harshness, and was for ever quarrelling with the servants. The gentleman, who loved his daughter dearly, frequently remonstrated against the cruelty of his wife's behaviour, but it only made her worse; and finding himself unable to subdue the violence of her temper, he fell into low spirits, which brought him to a premature grave.

After the death of her father, the little orphan found the hardships of her situation greatly increased. If she chanced to come into any of the rooms where her stepmother or her daughters were, she was sure of being

scolded; and they were so vexed because she looked handsomer than themselves, that they took every opportunity of annoying her. They at length went so far as to make her do the meanest work about the kitchen, assist the servants in putting on the fires, washing the pots, and also in cleaning out the rooms, which had all been newly furnished in the first style of elegance. At night they compelled her to sleep in a garret, on a straw bed without curtains, and in winter she had not even enough of clothes to protect her from the cold.

But although so barbarously used, the sweet girl was never found repining; and, when her work was done, she would sit down in the corner of the chimney among the cinders, which habit got her the name of Cinderwench. The younger of the sisters, however, thinking this appellation too vulgar, gave her the more genteel name of Cinderella, and all the rest followed her example. Notwithstanding all that she had to endure, Cinderella became every day more beautiful,

and far surpassed the two sisters, notwithstanding all their fine clothes.

About this time, the King's son sent invitations to all the nobility and gentry of the kingdom, for a grand ball, which he proposed giving at court, and amongst others, the two sisters received an invitation; but poor Cinderella was of course overlooked, as no one knew anything of her.

The two haughty creatures, quite overjoyed with the thoughts of being at a ball given by the King's son, immediately proceeded to arrange their dresses for the grand occasion. Their preparations were very oppressive to Cinderella; for being remarkably neat-handed, they set her to wash, plait, and iron out all their fineries, while they could do nothing but talk of the fine ball, and how they were to be dressed on that evening. "I," said the eldest, "will put on my scarlet velvet, with the rich French trimming." "And I," said the youngest, "will wear my green velvet, that I got for the last ball, and also my gold muslin train, which, with the diamonds

in my hair, will certainly look quite enchanting."

On the morning of the day fixed for the ball, a first-rate hairdresser was sent for, and the most becoming and fanciful ornaments procured from almost every fashionable shop in the city. Although these vain girls could chatter enough about fine clothes, yet they had no taste in arranging their dresses and ornaments; and as they knew that Cinderella had a natural genius in these matters, they condescended to employ her on this occasion. Any other person, who had met with the same cruel treatment as Cinderella, would likely either have refused, or endeavoured to make them look as ugly as possible; but this good-natured girl entertained no such wicked thoughts, but at once assisted to deck them out to the best advantage. Nothing pleased them unless Cinderella did it; and even their hair, which had been already dressed by one of the most fashionable hairdressers, she was required to adjust according to her own taste.

Yet notwithstanding all Cinderella's attention and kindness to them, the ungrateful creatures could not restrain their accustomed derision, and repeatedly asked her if she would like to go to the ball. "Ah," said Cinderella, "you are making sport of me; it is not for such poor girls as I am to go to balls." "You are right," said they; "how the folks would laugh were they to see a cinder-wench dancing in the ball-room!"

The silly young ladies were so much taken up with their looking-glasses and the ball that they hardly ate anything for two days, and they broke more than a dozen laces in trying to give themselves a slender shape.

The wished-for moment at length arrived, and these proud misses stepped into a beautiful carriage, attended by several servants in handsome liveries, and drove away to the city.

Cinderella could not help following the coach with her eyes as far as she could see, and when it had disappeared, returned to the kitchen in tears, where, for the first

time, she bewailed her hard lot and cruel degradation. She continued sobbing in the chimney-corner until she heard a noise in the kitchen, which made her look up to see what had occasioned it. She was startled to see a little curious-looking old woman, very antiquely dressed, who carried a wand in her right hand, while in the other she held a crutch to support herself.

Cinderella could not account for this strange appearance, and thought at first that her eyes had deceived her, as she had not seen this droll personage before; but the old dame, with a good-natured smile in her countenance, came nearer, and thus accosted her: "My dear Cinderella, I am your godmother, and being a fairy, and knowing the strong desire you have to go to this fine ball, I am come for the purpose of gratifying your wishes; therefore dry up your tears, and as I know you to be a good girl, I will furnish you with an equipage suitable to your merit."

Cinderella remembered that she had often heard her father and mother talk of her god-

mother, and that she was one of those good fairies who interest themselves in the welfare of all the children to whom they stand sponsors; and this recollection revived her spirits so much, that she banished all her fear and spoke to the fairy in her usual pleasant manner.

The fairy then took Cinderella by the hand, and having led her out to a retired spot, said, "Now, my dear, you must go into the garden and bring me a large pumpkin." Cinderella ran to execute her commands, and returned with one of the finest she could see. Her godmother took the pumpkin, and scooping out the inside of it, left nothing but the rind; she then struck it with her magic-wand, and it instantly became one of the most elegant gilt coaches that ever was seen.

She next desired Cinderella to go to the pantry and fetch the mousetrap. She did so, and found that there were six mice alive in the trap. The fairy requested her to lift up the door very gently, so that only one of them might go out at a time. Cinderella

raised the trap-door, and as the mice came out one by one, a touch of the magic-wand transformed them into beautiful carriage-horses richly caparisoned.

"Now, my dear girl," said the fairy, "here we have a coach and horses much handsomer than your sisters, to say the least of them; but as we have neither got a postilion nor a coachman yet, run quickly to the stable, where the rat-trap is placed, and bring it to me." Cinderella did not lose a moment in the execution of her commands, and soon returned with the trap, in which she found two large rats. The fairy touched both of them with her wand, and immediately the one was changed into a handsome postilion, and the other into a fine jolly-looking coachman.

Her godmother said further to her, "My dear Cinderella, you must now go to the garden again before I can complete your equipage; when you get there, keep to the right side, and close to the wall you will see the watering-pot standing, look behind

it and you will find six lizards, which you must bring to me immediately."

Cinderella flew to the garden as she was desired, and found the six lizards, which she put into her apron, and brought to her fairy godmother. Another touch of the wonderful wand soon converted these animals into six spruce footmen in splendid liveries, who immediately jumped up behind the carriage with as much agility as if they had been accustomed to it all their lives.

The coachman and postilion having taken their places also, the fairy turned to Cinderella and said, "Well, my dear girl, is not this as fine an equipage as you could desire to go to the ball with? Tell me now are you pleased with it?"—"Oh yes, my dear, kind godmother," replied Cinderella; and then added hesitatingly, "But how can I make my appearance among so many grandly-dressed people in these mean-looking clothes?" "Give yourself no uneasiness about that, my dear," said the fairy, with a good-humoured smile; "the most

laborious part of our task is already accomplished, and it will be strange if I cannot make your dress correspond with your equipage."

She then touched Cinderella with her magic wand, and her clothes were instantly changed into the most magnificent apparel, ornamented with the most costly jewels. The fairy now took from her pocket a most beautiful pair of elastic glass-slippers, which she caused Cinderella to put on, and then desired her to get into the carriage with all expedition, as the ball had already commenced.

Cinderella instantly stepped into the carriage; but before taking leave, her godmother strictly charged her on no account whatever to stay at the ball after the clock struck twelve; and added, that if she stopped a single moment beyond that time, her fine coach, horses, coachman, postilion, footmen, and fine apparel, would all return to their original forms of pumpkin, mice, rats, lizards, and mean-looking clothes.

Cinderella promised most faithfully to attend to what the good fairy had told her, and then, quite overjoyed, took leave of her god-mother, and drove away to the palace, which, as the carriage flew almost like lightning, she reached in a very short time.

The arrival of such a splendid equipage could not fail to attract general notice at the palace; and information having been conveyed to the King's son, that a most beautiful young lady, evidently some princess, was in waiting, he hastened to the door, and was in time to hand her out of the carriage, when he led her gracefully into the ball-room.

When Cinderella made her appearance, both music and dancing were suspended for a few moments—not even a whisper was heard; the company seemed to be struck dumb with admiration, and every one gazed at the beauty and magnificence of this elegant stranger.

They then began to whisper to each other their expressions of admiration: — "How

beautiful she is!—what a handsome figure! —how elegantly she is dressed!" Even the King, old as he was, could not behold her with indifference, but was repeatedly heard saying to the Queen, that he had never seen so lovely a creature. The ladies were all engaged in observing how her clothes were made, that they might be able to describe them to their dressmakers, so as to order the same elegant patterns to be got ready if possible for the next evening's ball.

So faultless did the lovely stranger appear, that even envy seemed to be asleep; for not one of the ladies present had the most distant expectation of being able to rival her; they only looked upon her in order to admire, and that they might try to copy her in her many surpassing qualities.

The Prince took every opportunity of shewing his regard for Cinderella. He conducted her to one of the most distinguished seats, and placing himself by her side, begged she would allow him to bring her some fruit or jellies.

These she declined with great politeness. He then requested to have the honour of dancing with her; Cinderella gave a smiling consent, and the delighted Prince immediately led her out to the centre of the ball-room, followed by the eyes of the whole company. The musicians again took up their instruments, and the dance commenced; but if Cinderella's beauty, elegant figure, and the splendour of her dress, had before excited the admiration of every person in the room, the astonishment now caused by her dancing it is impossible to describe. The gracefulness of all her motions, and the airy lightness with which she moved—for she seemed scarcely to touch the ground—drew forth a general murmur of admiration, which, as the Prince led her off, changed into the loudest acclamations; and the company with one voice pronounced her to be the most elegant and accomplished female that they had ever seen.

A magnificent collation was then served up, consisting of most delicious fruits, confectionery, and wines; but so much was the young

Prince engaged in attending to Cinderella, that he hardly ate anything during the whole evening.

Cinderella now happened to be seated near her sisters, to whom she frequently spoke, and gave them a part of the delicacies which she received from the Prince; but they entertained not the slightest suspicion who she was, and were equally astonished and delighted at the civilities they received from her.

During her conversation with them, Cinderella heard the clock strike eleven and three-quarters, when, remembering her promise to her godmother, she immediately rose, took a hurried leave, and returned home in her carriage.

On reaching home, she found her godmother waiting, who welcomed her with a pleasant smile, and to whom she related all that had taken place at the ball, thanking her a thousand times for the pleasure she had enjoyed. She then told the fairy that there was to be another ball on the following evening, to which the Prince had given her a very pressing invi-

tation, and modestly signified the happiness it would afford her to be present on that occasion also.

Her godmother had just promised to gratify her wishes, when a loud knocking announced the arrival of her sisters, and the fairy vanished.

On their entrance, Cinderella, who seemed to have been just awakened out of a sound sleep, fell a-rubbing her eyes, and yawned out, "Oh dear, how late you have stopped! I thought you would never have come home." "Had you been at the ball," said one of the sisters, "I don't think you would have come away any sooner yourself, and I am sure you would not have been so sleepy; for the most beautiful and handsome princess ever beheld was there, who paid us great attention, and gave us some of the delicacies which she had received from the Prince.

It was with difficulty that Cinderella could refrain from laughing; but she succeeded in concealing her mirth, and inquired the name of the princess. They replied that nobody at the

ball knew her, and that the Prince, being very anxious to learn who she was, had offered a large reward to any person who would satisfy his curiosity.

Cinderella said, with a smile, "How very beautiful she must be! and how fortunate you were in seeing her! Oh, if I could only get one peep at her too! Dear Miss Charlotte, will you have the goodness to lend me one of your old gowns, that I may go to the next ball, and get a sight of this charming lady?"

"Do you really think I am so mad as to lend my dresses to a cinder-wench? No, I am certainly not such a fool; so, go and mind your own business, and leave balls and dresses to your betters."

This was just the kind of answer that Cinderella expected; for, had her request been granted, she would have been sorely puzzled how to act in the business.

Next evening, the two ladies went again to the ball, and Cinderella soon followed them, but, by the help of the fairy, dressed

in a far more magnificent style than formerly. The Prince, who was quite delighted to see her again, hardly left her side the whole evening, and was continually paying her the most flattering compliments.

Cinderella was so much taken up with the company, and the dancing, as well as with the civilities of the Prince, that the evening had passed away before she was aware; and the clock struck twelve, when she supposed that it could only be eleven.

Alarmed, she sprang from her seat, and almost flew out of the ball-room.

The Prince pursued her, which made Cinderella run the faster, and in her hurry she dropped one of her glass-slippers, which he stopped to pick up.

Fatigued and breathless, Cinderella reached home in her old clothing, without coach, attendants, or any of her grandeur except the remaining glass-slipper, which she put carefully into her pocket.

The Prince, who had lost sight of Cinderella when he stopped to lift up the

slipper, inquired at the guards if they had seen a magnificent princess pass through the palace-gates a moment or two ago; but they said they had seen no creature go out, except a poor beggar-girl.

When Cinderella's sisters came home, she inquired if they had been as well pleased with this as the former ball, and if the beautiful princess had been there. They said the princess had been there, but, when the clock struck twelve, she flew out of the ball-room, and in her haste had dropped one of her neat glass-slippers; that the Prince having found the slipper, did nothing but admire it during the remainder of the ball, and every person said he was violently in love with the beautiful princess.

A few days after the ball, the Prince caused it to be proclaimed, that he would marry the lady whom the glass-slipper fitted; and he sent one of the principal officers of his household with it to all the ladies of his court. It was first carried to the princesses and duchesses, and then to the ladies of inferior rank;

but he found no one it would fit, and returned to the Prince with the account of his failure. The Prince having then ordered him to go to the other ladies in the empire, it was at last brought to Cinderella's two sisters, each of whom used every exertion to squeeze their feet into it, but all to no purpose.

Cinderella, who was present during the trial, said, with a smile, "Pray, sir, may I be allowed to try it on?" The two sisters burst out into laughter, and said rudely, "Very likely indeed that it will fit your clumsy foot!" The officer, however, seeing that Cinderella was very beautiful, desired her to try it on since she wished it, for the Prince had commanded him to allow every one who wished it to have a trial. Cinderella immediately put it on her foot with the greatest ease. The two sisters were perfectly astonished at seeing it fit so very exactly; but they were much more astonished when she pulled its fellow from her pocket, and put it on likewise. At that moment, Cinderella's kind

fairy godmother entered, unperceived by any one, and touching her with her fairy wand, instantly changed her poor clothes into a more magnificent dress than she had ever yet appeared in.

When these two vain young ladies found that their despised sister was the beautiful princess, they fell on their knees and entreated her pardon for their former cruel behaviour to her. Cinderella raised up her sisters, and freely forgave them all; after which the officer conducted her to the Prince, who at once solicited her hand in marriage.

Cinderella gave her consent, and the ceremony took place a few days afterwards, with great pomp and rejoicing.

The amiable qualities of Cinderella were as conspicuous after as they had been before her marriage, so that she retained the love of her husband, and gained the esteem of all who knew her. She was so far from resenting the ill-treatment of her sisters, that she sent for them to court, and by her influence they were shortly after married to two

of the first noblemen in the kingdom. Cinderella spent a long life in a state of great felicity; nor did she forget to remember, with gratitude, her friend the fairy, who had contributed so much to her comfort and happiness.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.

In the days of King Alfred there lived in a small village, many miles from London, a poor widow, who had a son named Jack; she had been a widow for many years, and Jack being her only child, she had indulged him so much that he was growing up in indolence and extravagance. His mother, who never checked him, had by degrees to dispose of almost all she possessed, and at last there was hardly anything left but their favourite cow.

The poor woman came to Jack one day with tears in her eyes, and reproaching him for his carelessness, said, "Nothing now remains to sell but my poor cow; I am sorry to part with her, it grieves me sadly, but we must not starve."

For a few minutes Jack felt a degree of remorse, but it was soon over; he then began teazing his mother to let him go and sell the cow, and she at last consented.

As he was going along, he met a butcher, carrying some curious beans of different colours in his hat, and who, knowing Jack's easy temper, determined to take advantage of it. So, learning from Jack that he meant to sell the cow, he asked the price of it, at the same time offering him all the beans in his hat for it.

The silly boy at once catched at the offer, and was quite pleased to think that he had got such a bargain. He ran away home as fast as he could and told his mother, spreading the beans before her with great delight.

When she heard Jack's story, she became very angry, and kicked the beans away from her in a passion. They were scattered in all directions, some of them going into the garden.

That night they both went supperless to bed.

Jack awoke early next morning, and seeing something very strange from his bedroom window, dressed quickly, and ran out into the garden, where he was surprised to find that some of the beans had taken root, and grown up so high that he could not see the top; the stalks, besides, had entwined, and presented the appearance of a ladder. They were also of such an immense thickness, that Jack could not shake them.

He instantly formed the resolution to climb his bean-stalk ladder, and see what was at the top. His mother in vain intreated him not to go; Jack had resolved, and so he set out. After climbing several hours, he reached the top quite exhausted, and looking round he found himself in a strange and barren country, where he saw neither trees, houses, nor any living creatures.

He now reflected with sorrow on his disobedience to his mother, in climbing the bean-stalk against her will; but beginning to feel very hungry, he walked on,

in the hope of coming to some house, where he might ask for something to eat and drink. Presently there appeared to him a most beautiful young lady, with a small white wand in her hand.

She asked Jack if he knew anything of his father. He replied that he did not, and that whenever he asked his mother about him, she did not answer him, but burst into tears. The young lady said she would reveal his father's history to him, but his mother must not. "But before I begin," said she, "I require a solemn promise on your part to do what I command you, for I am a fairy; and if you do not perform exactly what I desire, you will be destroyed."

Jack got frightened, and promised to do all she required of him; when the fairy thus began her story:—"Your father was a rich man, and very benevolent; he was constantly relieving the poor, and made it a rule never to let a day pass without doing good to some person. He used frequently to invite those to his board who through misfortune had

been reduced in circumstances, and on these occasions he always presided himself, and did all in his power to render his guests comfortable. Such a benevolent disposition made him well known through all the part of the country where he lived. A very wicked giant lived some miles distant from your father's house. This giant was poor, but very covetous; and hearing of your father, he formed the design of becoming acquainted with him, with the wicked intention of possessing himself of your father's money. He removed into your neighbourhood, and shortly afterwards spread the report that he had lost all his property by an earthquake, and had just escaped with his life. Your father gave credit to his story, and pitying him, invited him to take up his abode in his house, where he was treated very kindly.

"Things went on in this way for some time, when at last a favourable opportunity occurred for the giant putting his wicked purpose into execution. He was standing one day looking through a large telescope

towards the sea, which was at some distance from your father's house, where he saw a fleet of ships apparently in distress. He instantly requested your father to be good enough to send all his servants to their assistance. All were immediately dispatched, except the porter and your nurse. The giant, quite delighted with his success, then joined your father in the library; and when your father was handing him down a book which he had been recommending, the giant took the opportunity and stabbed him, when he instantly fell down dead. The giant then hastened and dispatched the porter and the nurse, and had determined to kill your mother and you also; but she fell at his feet and piteously besought him to spare her life and the life of her dear little baby.

"The monster granted her request, but enjoined her by no means ever to speak to you of your father, threatening her with cruel death if she was discovered doing so. Your mother then fled with you in her arms, as quickly as possible; when the giant loaded himself

with your father's treasures, and setting fire to the house, made his escape long before the servants had returned. Your poor mother, thus ruined and widowed, wandered with you for many miles without knowing what to do, and at last settled in the cottage where you were brought up; and it is entirely owing to the threats of the giant that she never speaks to you of your father, or answers any of your questions about him."

The fairy then told Jack that she had been his father's fairy; and that her power, which had been temporarily suspended, was now restored. She further informed him that it was by her promptings he had exchanged the cow for the beans, and that she had caused the beans to grow in the shape of a ladder, and to so great a height.

She then said to him, "This is the country in which the wicked giant lives, and you are the person appointed to punish him. You will have many dangers and difficulties to encounter, but you must persevere, or you will not prosper in any of your undertakings."

She also desired that he should not let his mother know that he was acquainted with his father's history; and telling him to go straight along the road till he came to the giant's house, said further, "While you do as I order you, I will protect you; but if you disobey my commands, a most dreadful punishment awaits you,"—and then she disappeared.

Jack then pursued his journey, according to the directions of the fairy, and shortly after sunset espied to his great joy—for he was very tired—a large mansion, which he soon reached. A plain-looking woman came to the door, who expressed great surprise at seeing him; "for," said she, "it is well known that my husband is a powerful giant, and that he is so fond of human flesh, that he would think nothing of walking fifty miles to procure it." Jack was greatly terrified when he heard this, but hoping to elude the giant, begged earnestly for a morsel of bread and a night's lodging. The woman, who was of a generous disposition, was at last persuaded to receive him into the house. She led him through a

large hall, and some long passages, where Jack heard the groanings of some of the giant's victims issuing from their places of confinement, which made him tremble all over; and she at last shewed him into a spacious kitchen, where she bade him sit down, and brought him something to eat and drink.

Jack had almost forgot his fear, when he was aroused by such a loud knocking at the door, as made the whole house shake. The giant's wife hid Jack in the oven, then went to let her husband in. The giant walked straight into the kitchen, and roared with a voice like thunder, "Wife, I smell fresh meat!"

"No, my dear," she replied, "it is only the people in the dungeon. The monster seemed satisfied, seated himself quietly beside the fire, while his wife hastened to prepare the supper.

When supper was ended, the giant desired his wife to bring him his favourite hen. Jack's curiosity was very great to see the giant and his hen; so he peeped through a small crevice, and observed that whenever the

giant said "Lay," the hen laid an egg of solid gold. The giant amused himself for some time with his hen; meanwhile his wife went to bed. At last he fell asleep by the fireside, and snored like the roaring of a cannon. Jack then slipped out of his hiding-place very softly; and finding that the giant was not likely to awake soon, seized the hen and ran off as fast as he could with her. After getting out of the house, he soon found his way to the bean-stalk ladder, and quickly descending it, presented himself before his surprised and overjoyed mother. The hen laid as many golden eggs as they desired, so that they soon became possessed of great wealth, and lived very happily together.

Some months after this Jack felt a very strong desire to take a second journey up the bean-stalk. His loving mother tried all in her power to dissuade him from it; and although her arguments could not change his resolution, he yet seemed to give up his point, resolving, however, to go at all hazards. He accordingly had a dress secretly prepared

which completely disguised him; and colouring his skin, he rose very early one morning, and climbed the bean-stalk a second time.

He rested some time at the top, and then pursued his journey to the giant's house. He reached it late in the evening, and telling a pitiful tale, succeeded in inducing the woman to let him in as formerly. After supper, the giant's wife hid him in an old lumber-closet. The giant soon came home, and walked so heavily that it seemed as if the house was shaken to its foundations. He had not been long in, when he roared out, as on the former occasion of Jack's visit, "Wife, I smell fresh meat!" His wife answered that it was only a piece of raw meat which the crows had left on the top of the house. She then went to get the supper. Jack, who kept peeping out of the closet, noticed that the giant was very ill tempered, and abused his wife sadly, because, as he said, she had been the cause of his losing his wonderful hen. He at last desired her to go and fetch

his bags of silver and gold, that he might amuse himself. His wife soon returned with two large bags, one filled with gold, and the other with silver. She then retired, and he began counting out his money, and viewed the glittering heaps with great delight. He kept turning it over and over till he got tired, and placing it all safely in the bags again, he fell sound asleep.

Jack was at first afraid lest the giant should only be shamming sleep, so as to pounce on any one who might be concealed; but shortly hearing him snore so loudly, as to sound like the roaring of the sea in a high wind, he stole out of his hiding-place, and took up the bags to carry them off. Just then a little dog, which he had not noticed before, jumped from under the giant's chair, and barked so furiously that Jack gave himself up for lost. The giant, however, did not waken, so that Jack had time to collect himself; and seeing a piece of meat lying near him, he threw it to the dog, which instantly seized it, and afforded Jack

the opportunity of escaping. He threw the bags over his shoulder, and made the best of his way out of the house. He then went as fast as his heavy burden would allow him towards the bean-stalk, and was very glad, indeed, when he reached the top of it. He soon descended, and ran to give his mother a surprise. He was very much put about, however, when he found the cottage deserted, and learned that his mother was lying very sick in a neighbour's house. He immediately went to her, and was greatly shocked to find that her illness had been caused by his desertion. When the old widow learned that her son had returned safely, she got better by degrees; and Jack having got the cottage put in repair, they again lived very happily together in it, and had every comfort which they desired.

For three years Jack spoke no more of the bean-stalk to his mother, lest he should make her unhappy. He could not, however, give over thinking of it, and this caused him much uneasiness, especially when

"But Jack, with his hatchet, cut the bean-stalk close off at the root, and the Giant, tumbling headlong to the ground, was killed by the fall."

Jack and the Bean-Stalk.

he remembered the commands and threats of the fairy. At last his desire became too powerful to be longer repressed, and he made secret preparations for another journey.

On the longest day he arose very early, and climbed the bean-stalk; and on reaching the top, found his way to the giant's mansion, as before. This time, though he had disguised himself very completely, he found some little difficulty in gaining admission, but at last he succeeded, and was concealed in the copper.

As soon as the giant came home, he roared, "Wife, I smell fresh meat!" Jack thought nothing of this, as the giant had said so on both former occasions. However the giant suddenly started up, and began to search all round the room; and coming at last to the copper, poor Jack was ready to die with fear, and wished himself at home a thousand times. The giant, however, fortunately stopped his search without lifting the lid of the copper, and then seated himself quietly at the fireside.

Jack had got such a fright that he was afraid of even breathing, lest he should be discovered. The giant ate a hearty supper, and then desired his wife to go and fetch his harp. Jack by this time had somewhat recovered his boldness, and peeping out from under the copper lid, saw the most beautiful harp that could be imagined. The giant had it placed before him on the table, and whenever he said "Play," it played the most delightful music of its own accord.

Jack no sooner saw this than he determined to possess himself of the harp; so when the giant fell fast asleep, a little while afterwards he slipped out of the copper, and seized it. The harp, however, was enchanted by a fairy, and called loudly, "Master! master!" The giant was awakened by this noise, and seeing Jack running off with his harp, got up to pursue him; but he had drunk so much at supper that he could only reel after him, although, indeed, he called out to him with a voice like thunder, and would certainly have overtaken him,

had he been sober. As it was, Jack got first to the top of the bean-stalk, which he descended with all speed. The moment he got down, he ran for his hatchet. Just at that instant he saw the giant coming fast down the bean-stalk, but Jack with the hatchet cut the bean-stalk close off at the root, and the giant, tumbling headlong to the ground, was killed by the fall.

Jack's mother was not more astonished to see the huge giant than she was delighted to see the bean-stalk destroyed. Jack heartily begged her pardon for all the sorrow he had caused her, and promised faithfully to be most dutiful and attentive for all the rest of his life.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

It is said that in the reign of the famous King Arthur, there lived near the Land's-end, in the county of Cornwall, a worthy farmer, who had an only son, named Jack. Jack was a boy of a bold and daring disposition; he took pleasure in hearing or reading stories of giants and fairies; and used to listen eagerly while his father related some of the deeds of brave Knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

While Jack was yet young, he was sent to take care of the sheep and oxen in the fields, and while thus engaged he used to amuse himself with planning battles, and the means of surprising and conquering a foe. He took no delight in the tamer sports of children; but hardly any one could excel him

"Jack, getting on his head, gave him such a blow with his pickaxe, that he killed him on the spot."

Jack the Giant Killer

at wrestling. If he met with his equal in strength, his skill and address generally gave him the victory.

Near to where Jack lived, there was a high mountain called St Michael's Mount, which rises abruptly out of the sea at some distance from the mainland; and on the very top of this mountain there was a gloomy cavern, in which dwelt a huge giant called Comoran. He was eighteen feet high, and three yards round, and his fierce and savage looks were the terror of the whole neighbourhood. He used to wade over to the mainland in search of his prey; but when he came near, the people left their houses, and would not return till he took his departure; which was not before he had glutted his appetite upon their cattle, when he would throw half-a-dozen oxen upon his back, and tie three times as many sheep and hogs round his waist, and so march back to his own abode.

Jack having often heard of the giant's sad ravages, resolved to destroy him. So, early one winter's evening, he took a horn, a shovel, a

pickaxe, and a dark lantern; and swam to The Mount. Having climbed to near the top, he fell to work at once, and before morning had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep and almost as many broad. This pit he covered over with sticks and straw, and then strewed some earth over them, to make the place resemble solid ground. He then put his horn to his mouth, and blew such a loud and long tantivy, that he awoke the giant, who came towards Jack, roaring in a voice like thunder,—"You saucy villain, you shall pay dearly for breaking my rest. I will broil you for my breakfast."

Hardly had he spoken these words, when, advancing one step further, he tumbled right into the pit, and his fall shook the very mountain.

"O ho! Mr Giant," said Jack, laughing heartily, and looking into the pit, "have you found your way so soon to the bottom? How is your appetite now? Will nothing serve you for breakfast this cold morning but broiling poor Jack?"

The giant now tried to rise, but Jack get-

ting on his head gave him such a blow with his pickaxe, that he killed him on the spot. Jack then made haste back to surprise and rejoice his friends with the news of the giant's death.

The news of Jack's exploit soon spread over all the western parts of England; and another giant, called Old Blunderbore, (this giant kept an enchanted castle in the midst of a lonely wood) having heard of it, vowed to have his revenge on Jack, if it should ever be his fortune to get him into his power.

Now, about four months after this, as Jack was taking a journey to Wales, he passed through this wood, near to Blunderbore's castle, and being very weary, he sat down to rest by the side of a pleasant fountain, and there fell into a deep sleep.

The giant came to the fountain for water soon after, and seeing Jack, he took him up and carried him to his castle; the floor of which was strewed over with the skulls and bones of captives whom he had killed and eaten.

When poor Jack saw this he was very

much alarmed, particularly when the giant told him, with a horrid grin, that men's hearts, eaten with pepper and vinegar, was his favourite food; and also, that he had thoughts of making a dainty meal on his heart. After telling Jack this, he locked him up, while he went to fetch another giant to enjoy a dinner off Jack's flesh with him.

While he was away, Jack heard terrible shrieks and groans from many parts of the castle; and soon after he heard a mournful voice repeat these lines:—

"Haste, valiant stranger, haste away,
Lest you become the giant's prey.
On his return he 'll bring another,
Still more savage than his brother—
A horrid, cruel monster, who,
Before he kills, will torture you.
O valiant stranger! haste away,
Or you 'll become these giants' prey."

This frightened Jack dreadfully, and he was just giving himself up for lost, when he perceived in a corner of the room two strong cords, which revived his courage; with these he made two nooses, with a slip-knot at the

end of each, and as the giants were coming through the gates, which were just below the window of his prison, he threw the ropes very adroitly over their heads, and then pulled with all his might, so that he strangled them. When he saw that they were both quite black in the face, he drew his sword, slid down the ropes, and stabbed the giants to the heart.

Jack then took a bunch of keys from Blunderbore's pocket, and going into the castle again, he made a strict search through all the rooms, and found three ladies tied up by the hair of their heads, and almost starved to death.

Jack told them how he had killed the giants, and then very politely handed over to them the keys of the castle, with all the riches it contained, and went on his journey to Wales.

As Jack had not taken any of the giant's riches for himself, and had very little money of his own, he thought it best to travel as fast as he could. Night came on, however, and he lost his way; he wandered up and down for some time, and at last was lucky

enough to come to a large and handsome house.

Jack went up to it boldly, and knocked loudly at the gate; when, to his great terror and surprise, it was opened by a monstrous giant with two heads.

He was a Welsh giant, and spoke very civilly to Jack; for all the mischief he did was done secretly, under the show of friendship or kindness. Jack told him that he was a traveller who had lost his way; on which the huge monster welcomed him into his house, and shewed him into a room where there was a good bed, to pass the night in.

Jack took off his clothes quickly and got to bed; but though he was very weary, he could not go to sleep. Soon after this, he heard the giant walking backward and forward in the next room, and saying to himself—

"Though here you lodge with me this night,
You shall not see the morning light,
My club shall dash your brains out quite."

"So! so! Mr Giant," said Jack to himself,

"are these your tricks upon travellers? But I hope to prove a match for you." And getting out of bed, he found a large thick billet of wood, which he laid in his own place in the bed, and then hid himself in a dark corner of the room.

In the middle of the night the giant came with his great club, and struck many terrible blows on the bed, in the very place where Jack had laid the billet; and then he went back to his own room, thinking he had broken all Jack's bones.

Early in the morning, Jack put a bold face on the matter, and walking into the giant's room, thanked him for his lodging. The giant started when he saw him, and began to stammer out—"Oh, dear me! is it you? Pray how did you sleep last night? Did you hear or see anything during the night?"

"Nothing worth speaking of," said Jack, carelessly; "a rat, I believe, gave me three or four slaps with his tail, and disturbed me a little; but I soon went to sleep again."

The giant was perfectly astonished at this

yet did not answer a word, but went and fetched two bowls of hasty pudding for their breakfast. Jack, to make the giant believe he could eat as much as him, had contrived to button a leathern bag inside his coat, and slipped most of the hasty-pudding into this bag, while he seemed to put it all into his mouth.

When breakfast was over, he said to the giant, "Now I will shew you a fine trick." He then took up a knife and instantly ripped up the leathern bag, when the hasty pudding ran out upon the floor. "Ods, splutter her nails," cried the Welsh giant, who was ashamed to be outdone by such a little fellow as Jack, "hur can do that hurself;" so saying, the giant snatched up a knife, and plunged it into his own stomach, when he dropped down dead in a moment.

As soon as Jack had thus killed the Welsh monster, he pursued his journey; and a few days after, he met with King Arthur's only son, who, with his father's leave, was travelling into Wales, with the purpose of delivering a beautiful young lady from the power

of a wicked magician, who held her in his enchantments. When Jack found that the young prince had no attendants, he begged leave to follow him; the prince at once agreed to this, and gave Jack many thanks for his kindness.

This prince was a handsome, polite, and brave knight; his only fault was, that he was too benevolent, for he gave money to almost everybody he met. At length he gave his last coin to an old woman, and then bethinking himself, turned to Jack and said, "How are we to provide for ourselves the rest of the journey?" "Leave that to me, sir," said Jack; "I will provide for my prince." Night soon came on, and the prince began to grow uneasy at thinking where they should lodge. "Sir," said Jack, "be of good heart; two miles further on there lives a giant, whom I know well; he has three heads, and can fight five hundred men, and make them flee before him."

"Alas!" replied the prince, in sad surprise, "we had better never been born than meet with such a monster" "My lord," said Jack,

"leave me to manage him, and wait here patiently till I return."

The prince said no more, but remained behind, while Jack rode on at full speed; and when he came to the gate of the castle, he gave a loud knock. The giant, with a voice like thunder, roared out, "Who is there?" Jack replied, "No one but your poor cousin Jack." "Well," said the giant, opening the gate, "what news, cousin Jack?" "Dear uncle," said Jack, "heavy news." "Pooh!" said the giant, "what heavy news can come to me? I am a giant with three heads, and can fight five hundred men, and make them flee before me." "Alas!" said Jack, "the king's son is coming with two thousand men to kill you, and to take all your wealth, and destroy your castle." "Oh, cousin Jack," said the giant, with agitation, "this is heavy news indeed; but I have a large vault under ground, where I will hide myself, and you will be good enough to lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys till the king's son is gone."

Jack promised to do this with great good

will; so, when he had made the giant fast in the vault, he went back and brought the prince to the castle, and that night they both feasted and rested very pleasantly, while the poor giant lay trembling with fear in the vault under ground. Early next morning, Jack gave the prince gold and silver out of the giant's treasure, and set him three miles forward on his journey.

He then returned to let the giant out of the vault, who asked Jack what he should give him as a reward for saving his castle. "Why, good uncle," said Jack, "I desire nothing but yon old coat and cap, with the old rusty sword and the slippers which are hanging at your bed-head."

"Then," said the giant, "you shall have them; and pray do not part with them, for they are things of great value. The coat will keep you invisible while you wear it; the cap will give you knowledge; the sword will cut through any thing; and the shoes are of vast swiftness. These may prove useful to you, so take them with all my heart." Jack returned many thanks to the giant, and then set off to overtake the prince.

Soon after he came up with him, they arrived at the dwelling of the beautiful young lady, who was under the power of the wicked magician. She received the prince very politely, and caused a noble repast to be prepared for him; but when it was ended, she rose, and taking from her pocket a fine handkerchief, said, "My lord, you must submit to the custom of my palace: to-morrow morning I command you to tell me on whom I bestow this handkerchief, or lose your head." She then went out of the room.

The young prince retired very mournful: but Jack comforted him with the promise of his help. He then put on his cap of knowledge, which told him that the lady was compelled by the power of the enchantment to meet the wicked magician every night in the middle of the forest. Jack instantly put on his coat of darkness, and his shoes of swiftness, and was there before her. When the lady came, she gave the handkerchief to the magician, on which Jack, with one blow of his sword of sharpness, cut off his head. The enchantment was thus ended; and the lady the same mo-

ment restored to her former virtue and goodness.

She was married to the prince the next day, and soon after returned with her royal husband and a great company to the court of King Arthur, where they were received with joyful welcomes; and the valiant hero, Jack, for this, as well as the many other great exploits he had done for the good of his country, was made one of the Knights of the Round Table.

Since Jack had been so lucky in all his adventures, he could not now be idle, but resolved still to do what services he could for the honour of the king and the nation. He therefore humbly begged his majesty to furnish him with a horse and money, that he might travel in search of new exploits. "For," said he to the king, "there are many giants yet living in the remote parts of Wales, to the great terror and distress of your majesty's subjects; therefore, if it please you, sire, to favour me in my design, I hope soon to rid your kingdom of these giants and monsters in human shape." When the king heard Jack's offer, and thought

of the cruel deeds of these savage monsters, he at once gave orders, that he should be provided with every thing proper for such a journey. Soon after this, Jack took his leave, not forgetting to take with him his cap of knowledge, his sword of sharpness, his shoes of swiftness, and his invisible coat.

He travelled over high hills and lofty mountains, and on the third day he came to a vast forest, which he had hardly entered when he heard very dreadful shrieks and cries. Jack, nothing daunted, forced his way through the trees, and saw a monstrous giant carrying away, by the hair of the head, a handsome knight and his beautiful lady. Their dreadful cries melted the heart of honest Jack, who got down from his horse, and, tying him to a tree, put on his invisible coat, under which he carried his sword of sharpness.

When he came up to the giant, he made many strokes at him, but could not reach his body on account of his great height; however, he wounded his thighs in many places, and at last, aiming with all his might, he cut

off one of the giant's legs just below the garter, so that he tumbled to the ground, making not only the trees shake, but the earth itself tremble with the force of his fall.

Jack then quickly set one foot upon the giant's neck, and plunged his sword into his body; the monster gave a loud groan, and yielded up his life into the hands of the victorious Jack.

The knight and his lady not only thanked Jack most heartily for their deliverance, but also invited him to their mansion to refresh himself, and also to receive a reward for his kindness and bravery. "No," said Jack, with great politeness, "I cannot be at ease till I find out this monster's dwelling."

When the knight heard this, he appeared vexed, and replied, "Noble stranger, this monster lived in a den under yonder mountain, with a brother of his, still more fierce and cruel than himself; so let me persuade you to go with us, and not think of any further pursuit." "Nay," said Jack, "though there were twenty such monsters, I would shed the last

drop of my blood before one of them should escape me." So Jack got on his horse, and went away in search of the dead giant's brother.

Jack had not rode much over a mile before he came in sight of the mouth of the cavern; and near the entrance of it he espied the other giant sitting on a huge block of timber, with a knotted iron club in his hand, seemingly waiting for his brother.

As Jack came near, he heard him saying—

"Fe, fa, foh, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he living, or be he dead,
I 'll grind his bones to make my bread."

Jack got down from his horse, and putting on his invisible coat, came close up to him, and aimed a blow at his head with his sword of sharpness; but missing his aim, he only cut off his nose. The giant roared like loud claps of thunder, and taking up his iron club, began to lay about him like one who was mad with pain and fury.

"Nay," said Jack, "if this is the case, I will put an end to you at once." So slipping

nimbly behind him, and jumping upon the block of timber as the giant rose from it, he stabbed him in the back, when, after a few howls, the monster dropped down dead.

Jack having thus killed these two giants, went into their cave in search of their treasures. He passed through many turnings, which at last led him to a window secured with iron bars, where he saw a number of wretched captives, whom he set at liberty. They then went together, and searched the giant's coffers, and Jack shared all the store in them among the captives. The next morning they set off to their homes, and Jack went on to the knight's house, where he was received with the greatest joy by the thankful knight and his lady; who, in honour of Jack's exploits, gave a grand feast, to which all the nobles and gentry in the neighbourhood were invited.

When the company had assembled, the knight related the many great exploits of Jack, and gave him, as a mark of respect, a fine ring, on which was engraved the scene of the giant dragging the knight and his lady by the hair.

Among the guests were five old gentlemen, who were fathers of some of those captives whom Jack had freed from the giant's dungeon. As soon as they heard that he was the person who had done such wonderful things, they pressed around him with tears of joy, to return him thanks for the happiness he had caused them.

After staying with the knight a considerable time, Jack grew weary of such an idle life, and set out again in search of adventures. He wandered over hills and dales without meeting with any, but at length coming to the foot of a very high mountain, where was a small and lonely house, he knocked at the door, which was opened by an old man, with a head as white as snow.

"Good father," said Jack, "can you lodge a traveller who has lost his way?" "Yes," replied the hermit, "I can, if you will accept such fare as my poor house affords." Jack thanked him and entered, when the old man set before him some bread and fruit for his supper.

After Jack had eaten as much as he chose, the hermit said, "My son, I know you to be

the famous slayer of giants. Now, on the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, kept by a huge giant named Galligantus, who, by the aid of a vile magician, succeeds in capturing many knights, whom he conveys into his castle, and changes into the shape of beasts. Above all, I lament the hard fate of the daughter of a wealthy duke, whom they seized as she was walking in her father's garden, and brought hither through the air in a chariot drawn by two fiery dragons, and turned her into the shape of a deer." Jack promised the hermit he would break the enchantment; so, after a sound sleep, he rose early, put on his invisible coat, and got ready for the attempt.

When he had climbed to the top of the mountain, he found attached to the wall at the castle-gate a golden trumpet, under which were these lines:—

"Whoever can this trumpet blow,
Shall cause the giant's overthrow."

No sooner had Jack read this than he seized the trumpet and blew a shrill blast, which

caused the gates to fly open, and the very castle itself to tremble.

When the giant and the magician heard this, they knew that their wicked course was at an end, and stood biting their thumbs and shaking with fear. Jack entered, and with his sword of sharpness soon killed the giant, while the magician was carried away by a whirlwind.

The knights and ladies to whom Jack had thus given liberty rested that night at the hermitage, and next day set out for the court. Jack accompanied them; and presenting himself before the king, gave his majesty an account of all his wonderful engagements.

Jack's fame had now spread through the whole country; and at the king's desire, the duke gave him his daughter in marriage, to the joy of all his kingdom. The king gave him a large estate, on which he and his lady lived the rest of their days in great joy and contentment.

"Put the custard and the pot of butter on the stool, my dear, and come and lie down beside me."

Little Red Riding Hood.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

ONCE upon a time there lived, in a certain village, a woman, who had a very beautiful little daughter. This little girl's mother was extremely fond of her, and so also was her grandmother, who doted very much on her. The kind grandmother was frequently giving her presents, and amongst other things she once presented her with a very neat riding-hood made of red cloth, which became the little girl so extremely well, that everybody used to call her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day, when her mother had been making custards, she said to her, "Go, my dear, carry your grandmamma a custard and a little pot of butter, and see how she is, for I hear that she has been very poorly." Little Red Riding-

Hood, who was very fond of her grandmother, took the custard and the pot of butter, and immediately set out for her cottage, which was in another village at some little distance. As she was going through a wood, she met a hungry wolf, who had a very great mind to have eaten her up, but durst not because of some faggot-makers who were at work at a little distance. He asked her, however, where she was going, and the poor child, who did not think of any danger in speaking to the wolf, replied readily, 'I am going to see my grandmamma, who is very ill, and am carrying her a custard and a little pot of butter from my mamma." "Does she live far off?" inquired the wolf. "Not very far," answered Little Red Riding-Hood; "it is just beyond that mill which you see there, at the first house in the village." "Well," said the wolf, "I will go and see your grandmother too; and if you go that way, I will go this, and we shall see who will be there soonest."

The wolf ran away as fast as he could, taking the nearest way; while the little girl went

by the ordinary road, which was considerably round about, and besides she stayed diverting herself in gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays. The wolf soon came up to the old woman's house, and knocked at the door, tap, tap. "Who's there?" cried the old woman. "Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the wolf, counterfeiting her voice, "who has brought you a custard and a pot of butter, from mamma."

The grandmother, who was very ill and confined to bed, cried out, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." The wolf pulled the bobbin and the door opened, when he entered and presently fell upon the poor old woman, and ate her up in a moment, for it was above three days since he had got any food. He then shut the door as it was before, and putting on the grandmother's night-clothes, went into the bed, expecting Little Red Riding-Hood, who came some time afterwards, and knocked at the door, tap, tap. "Who's there?" cried the wolf. Little Red Riding-Hood was at first very much afraid when she heard the

hoarse voice, but supposing her grandmother had got a cold, she answered, "Little Red Riding-Hood, who has brought you a custard and a pot of butter, from mamma." The wolf then cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up." Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The wolf seeing her come in, hid himself under the bedclothes, and said to her, "Put the custard and the pot of butter on the stool, my dear, and come and lie down beside me." Little Red Riding-Hood undressed herself, and went into the bed; but she was greatly surprised to see how strange her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, and said to her—

"Grandmamma, what great arms you have got!"

"That is the better to hug thee, my dear."

"Grandmamma, what great legs you have go!"

"That is to walk the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!"

"That is to hear the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!"

"That is to see the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!"

"They are to eat thee up."

And saying these words, the wicked wolf fell upon poor Little Red Riding-Hood, and ate her up in a few minutes.

PUSS IN BOOTS.

THERE was once a miller who had three sons, and at his death he divided what he possessed among them in the following manner:—He gave his mill to the eldest, his ass to the second, and his cat to the youngest.

Each of the brothers accordingly took what belonged to him; but the youngest, who had got nothing saving the cat, complained that he was badly used. "My brothers," said he, "by joining their stocks together, may do very well in the world; but as for me, when I have eaten my cat, and made a furcap of his skin, I may soon die of hunger!"

The Cat, which had been all the time sitting listening just inside the door of the cupboard, now ventured to come out, and address him:—

"Help! help! or my Lord Marquis of Carabas will be drowned."

Puss in Boots

"Do not thus distress yourself, my good master; only get a pair of boots made for me, and give me a bag, and you shall soon see that you are not quite so ill provided for as you imagine."

Though the lad did not much depend upon these promises, yet, as he had often observed the cunning tricks which Puss used to catch the rats and mice, such as hanging by his hind-legs, and hiding in the meal, to make them believe that he was dead, he did not entirely despair of his being of some use to him in his unhappy condition.

No sooner were the boots and the bag provided, than Puss began to equip himself, much to the amusement of his young master: he drew on the boots quite briskly—and, putting the bag about his neck, took hold of the strings with his fore paws, and bidding his master take courage, he immediately sallied forth.

The first attempt Puss made was to go into a warren, where there was a great number of rabbits. He put some bran and some parsley into his bag; and then stretched himself out at full length, as if he were dead, hoping that

some young rabbits, (which as yet knew nothing of the cunning tricks of the world,) would soon come and get into the bag, the better to feast upon the dainties he had put into it.

Scarcely had he lain down before he succeeded as well as could be wished. A giddy young rabbit crept into the bag, when Puss immediately drew the strings, and killed him without mercy.

Proud of his prey, he hastened directly to the palace, where he asked to speak with the King. On being shewn into the apartment of his Majesty, he made a very respectful bow, and said—"I have brought you, sire, this rabbit from the warren of my lord the Marquis of Carabas, who commanded me to present it to your Majesty with the assurance of his respect." This was a title the Cat had invented for his master. "Tell my lord the Marquis of Carabas," replied the King, "that I have much pleasure in accepting his present, and that I am greatly obliged to him."

Soon after this, the Cat went and laid himself down in the same manner in a field of corn,

and had as much good fortune as before; for he had not waited long when two fine partridges slipped into his bag, which he immediately killed, and carried to the palace. The King was pleased to receive them courteously, as he had done the rabbit; and in this manner Puss continued to carry presents of game to the King from my lord the Marquis of Carabas, at least once every week.

One day, having heard that the King intended taking a drive by the river-side with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, Puss said to his master—"If you will now but follow my advice, your fortune is made. Take off your clothes, and bathe in the river, just in the place I will shew you, and leave the rest to me."

Puss's master did exactly as he was desired, without being able to guess the Cat's design. While he was bathing, the King passed by, and Puss directly called out, as loud as he could bawl—"Help, help! or my lord the Marquis of Carabas will be drowned." The King, hearing the cries, put his head out at the window of his

carriage to see what was the matter ; and seeing the very Cat which had brought him so many presents, he ordered his attendants to go directly to the assistance of the Marquis of Carabas.

While they went to take the Marquis out of the river, the Cat ran forward to the King's carriage, and told his Majesty, that while his master was bathing, some thieves had run off with his clothes as they lay by the river-side ; the cunning Cat all the time having hid them under a large stone.

When the King heard this, he commanded one of his officers to fetch from the royal wardrobe one of the handsomest suits it contained, and present it to my lord the Marquis of Carabas, at the same time he shewed him a thousand attentions. As the fine clothes which had been brought him made him look quite like a gentleman, and set off his person, which was very comely, to the greatest advantage, the King's daughter was very much taken with his appearance, and the Marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast upon her two or three respectful glances, than she became violently in love with him.

The King insisted on his getting into the carriage, and taking a drive with them. The Cat meanwhile, delighted to see how well his scheme was succeeding, ran on before to a meadow that was being reaped, and hailing the reapers, said to them—"Good people, if you do not tell the King, who will soon pass this way, that the meadow you are reaping belongs to my lord the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as minced meat."

When the King's carriage was passing the meadow, he did not fail to ask the reapers to whom it belonged. "To my lord the Marquis of Carabas," said they all at once; for the threats of the Cat had frightened them. "You have here a very fine piece of land, my lord Marquis," said the King. "Truly, sire," replied he, "it does not fail to bring in every year a plentiful harvest."

The Cat, which still kept going on before, now came to a field where some other labourers were busy making sheaves of the corn they had reaped, and to whom he said as before—"Good people, if you do not tell the King, who

will presently pass this way, that the corn you have reaped in this field belongs to my lord the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as minced meat."

The King passed a few minutes after, and inquired to whom the noble sheaves of corn belonged. "To my lord the Marquis of Carabas," answered they very glibly; upon which the King again complimented the Marquis on his fine possessions.

The Cat, which still continued to go before, gave the same charge to all the people he met; so that the King was greatly astonished at the splendid fortune of the Marquis of Carabas.

Puss at length arrived at a stately castle, which belonged to a powerful Ogre, who was besides very rich, for all the lands the King had passed through and admired were his. The Cat, which had taken care to learn every particular about the Ogre, and what he could do, asked to speak with him, saying, as he entered the room, that he could not think of passing so near his castle without doing himself the honour of calling to inquire for his health.

The Ogre received him as civilly as an Ogre could do, and desired him to be seated. "I have been informed," said the Cat, "that you have the gift of changing yourself into all sorts of animals in a moment, into a lion, or an elephant, for example?" "It is very true," replied the Ogre, sternly; "and to convince you, I will directly take the form of a lion." Puss was so terrified at finding himself beside a lion, that he sprang from him, and climbed to the roof of the house; but this was attended with considerable difficulty, as his boots were not very fit to walk upon the tiles with.

Some minutes after, the Cat perceiving that the Ogre had quitted the form of a lion and had returned to his original form, ventured to come down from the tiles, and owned that he had been a good deal frightened. "I have been further informed," continued the Cat, "but I know not how to believe it, that you have the power of taking the form of the smallest animals also; of changing yourself, for example, into a rat or a mouse. I confess I am inclined to think this must be impossible."

"Impossible! you shall see," and in an instant he changed himself into a mouse, and began to frisk about the room. The Cat had no sooner cast his eyes upon the Ogre in this form, than he sprang upon him and devoured him in a moment.

In the mean time the King's carriage drew near the Ogre's magnificent castle; and as he could not help admiring it, he ordered his attendants to drive up to the gates, that he might take a nearer view of it. The Cat, hearing the noise of the carriage on the drawbridge, immediately came to the door, saying—"Your Majesty is welcome to the castle of my lord the Marquis of Carabas." The King, perfectly astonished, turned and said—"And is this splendid castle yours also, my lord the Marquis of Carabas? I never saw any thing more stately than the building, or more beautiful than the pleasure-grounds around it. No doubt the castle is as magnificent within as it is without; pray, my lord Marquis, indulge me with a sight of it."

The Marquis offered his hand to the young

princess as she alighted, and they followed the King into a spacious hall, where they found a splendid collation which the Ogre had prepared for some friends he had that day expected to visit him; but who, on hearing that the King, with the princess and a great gentleman of the court, were within, had not dared to enter.

The King had become so charmed with his amiable qualities and no less with the noble fortune of the Marquis of Carabas, and the young princess, too, had fallen so violently in love with him, that after the collation, and when they had drunk a few glasses of wine, his Majesty said to the Marquis—"It will be your own fault, my lord Marquis of Carabas, if you do not soon become my son-in-law." The Marquis received the intelligence with a thousand respectful acknowledgments, accepted the honour conferred upon him with the most profound gratitude and joy, and received the hand of the princess in marriage that very day.

The Cat became a great lord, and never again needed to run after rats or mice except for his amusement.

ROBIN HOOD.

In the reign of King Richard I. there lived in the town of Locksley, in Nottinghamshire, a handsome youth, named Robin Hood. He was sent, while yet young, to live with his uncle, at Gamewell Hall, in the same county, where he had many opportunities of practising archery, and soon became very expert in the use of the cross-bow.

Robin Hood was once on a visit to his parents, when his uncle, with whom he had been living, was taken seriously ill, and sent to a neighbouring monastery for one of the monks to come and visit him. The monk knew that the squire had plenty of money, and being constantly beside him in his last illness, succeeded in inducing him to sign a paper, giving

"Carry me over this water thou brawny friar, or I will crack thy crown."

Robin Hood

away all his property to the convent to which this monk belonged. When Robin Hood heard of his uncle's illness, he hastened to Gamewell Hall; he arrived there just a short time after his uncle's death, and learned that all his uncle's money and property had been left to this convent, which was called Fountain Abbey. The monks also had taken possession of Gamewell Hall, and now turned Robin Hood out of doors. Robin took very ill with this treatment, especially as he had expected to succeed to his uncle's estates. He did not at first know what to do; he soon, however, got together a number of young men, as poor as himself, when they agreed to form themselves into a band, under Robin Hood's leadership, and adopt the life of outlaws, living among the thick woods of the famous Sherwood Forest.

They were handsome men, and very bold, and were all excellent marksmen. They dressed in a uniform of Lincoln green, with a scarlet cap, and each man was armed with a dagger, and a basket-hilted sword, besides a bow and a quiver full of arrows—their captain had also a

bugle-horn by his side, which he used to summon his followers. Though Robin Hood was a robber, yet he behaved in such a manner as to have the good wishes of almost all the poor in those parts. He made a rule never to rob anybody but people who were very rich, and those who did not make good use of their money. He also disliked exceedingly all priests, because it was through their cunning that he had lost his uncle's estates; the priests, however, were very domineering, and behaved so badly that they were greatly disliked by the common people also, so that Robin Hood did not lose any of his favour with the poor because of his usage of the priests.

One day Robin Hood rambled away by himself, in the hope of meeting with some adventure. He had not gone very far when he came to a brook, over which a narrow plank was thrown for a bridge; and just as he was going to cross the plank, a tall and handsome stranger began to cross from the other side. They met on the middle of the plank; and as neither of them seemed disposed to give way, the stranger

said boldly to Robin Hood—"Go back, or it will be the worse for you." Robin Hood was rather displeased with this, for he could not bear the idea of having to give way to anybody; so he proposed to the stranger that they should each take an oak branch and fight it out, and that whoever could manage to throw the other into the brook, should win the day.

They accordingly set to, in right earnest, and thrashed each other well; the stranger at last, however, succeeded in giving Robin Hood a blow which caused him to tumble into the water. When Robin Hood got out again, he put his bugle to his lips and blew a blast, which brought numbers of his followers from all directions to see what their captain wanted. He told them of his adventure with the stranger; on hearing which, they would fain have given the handsome stranger a ducking, but Robin Hood interfered, and praising his bravery, proposed to him that he should join himself to their band. "Here's my hand on it," said the stranger; "and though my name is John Little, you will find I can do great

things." Upon this they insisted that their new companion should be re-christened, and changed his name from John Little to Little John, which at first was a great subject for laughter, as he was more than six feet high.

Robin Hood loved a joke quite as well as he loved good booty; and one day, as he was strolling in the forest, he saw a jolly butcher riding along on a mare, with panniers laden with meat. "Good-morrow, good fellow," said Robin Hood, "you are early on the road." On which the man informed him that he was on his way to Nottingham market to sell his meat. "I never learned any trade," said Robin, "and I think I would like to be a butcher; what shall I give you for the mare and the meat?" "They are not dear at four marks," said the butcher, with some surprise. "Throw your blue coat and your apron into the bargain," said Robin, "and there's your money." The butcher consented; when Robin dressed himself in his new dress, and rode away to Nottingham market. He put up his horse at an inn, and hired a stall in the market, where he exposed his meat

for sale; but as he neither knew nor cared about the price of butcher-meat, he sold as much for a penny as his neighbours could sell for five, so that his stall was speedily surrounded, while the other stalls were almost deserted, and this afforded him some amusement.

The butchers wondered very much who this stranger was, who was selling his meat so cheap. Some thought him to be a gentleman's son, who was doing it for fun, while others declared that he was silly. At last they resolved to invite him to dine with them, that they might try and learn something of him, as they feared he would ruin their business. After the market was over, they repaired to a tavern kept by the Sheriff of Nottingham, and sat down to dinner. After dinner Robin Hood called in more wine, and insisted on paying the bill. The Sheriff, who was a cunning old miser, thought he would take advantage of the stranger's spendthriftness to turn a penny. "Good fellow," says he to Robin Hood, "hast thou any horned beasts to sell?" "That I have, good Master Sheriff," replied Robin, "I

have an hundred or two, and will be delighted that you go and see them." The Sheriff saddled his palfrey without delay, and taking with him three hundred pounds in gold, away went he and Robin Hood along the road that led to Sherwood Forest.

As they rode along, and neared the forest, the Sheriff said to Robin, "May God preserve us this day from a man they call Robin Hood." Shortly after they had entered the wood, about a hundred good fat deer came skipping in sight. "How do you like my horned beasts, Master Sheriff?" said Robin Hood. "To tell you the truth," replied the Sheriff, "I wish I were away, for I do not much like your company." Robin Hood then blew three blasts on his bugle-horn, when Little John, with a hundred men dressed in green, came suddenly out of the wood. "The Sheriff of Nottingham is come this day to dine with us," said Robin Hood. To which Little John replied, "He is welcome, and I hope he will pay us handsomely for his dinner." They then sat down under a tree, and had plenty to eat and drink, after

which Robin Hood opened the Sheriff's bag, and counted out the three hundred pounds, when he seated him on his palfrey again, and led him out of the forest. Remember me to your wife," said Robin, laughingly, as he then left him, and returned to his companions.

Another day, as Robin Hood roamed through the forest, he noticed at some distance a handsome young man, going blithely and cheerfully along, and singing as he went. Robin did not go near him, or think more of it; but next morning he was astonished to see the same young man returning with a mournful step and drawing deep sighs, whilst he kept saying, "Alack, well-a-day! alack, well-a-day!"

Robin Hood sent one of his men to inquire the cause of the young man's distress.

The young stranger pulled out his purse, and shewing a ring, said, "Alack, well-a-day! I bought this yesterday to marry a maiden I have courted for seven long years, and this morning find that she is going to church to be married to another."

On hearing this story, Robin Hood felt an

interest in the young stranger, and questioned him further—

"Do you think she really loves you?" asked Robin. "She has told me so a hundred times," said the stranger, whose name was Allan-a-dale. "Then she is not worth caring about, or grieving for," replied Robin Hood. "But she does not love *him*," said Allan-a-dale, "and she is not a fit match for an old cripple like him." "Why does she marry him then?" asked Robin Hood. "Because," said Allan-a-dale, sorrowfully, "he is a rich old knight, and her parents insist upon it, and have raged at her so sadly as to have got her silent permission." "Where is the wedding to take place?" then asked Robin Hood. Allan-a-dale replied, "At our parish church, about five miles distant, and the Bishop of Hereford, who is the bridegroom's brother, is to perform the ceremony."

Without more ado, Robin Hood dressed himself like a harper, and bidding four-and-twenty of his men follow him at a distance, he, with harp in hand, started for the parish church, which he soon reached. On entering

the church, the Bishop, who was putting on his robes, said to Robin Hood, "What do you want here?" "I am a harper," replied Robin, "the best in all the country round; and having heard that there was to be a wedding to-day, I am come to offer my services." "You are welcome; we shall all be glad to hear your music," said the Bishop.

Soon after this, the bridal procession entered the church. Robin Hood noticed that the bride was young and very fair, while the bridegroom was quite old, and hardly able to hobble up to the altar; so when all was quiet, Robin cried out boldly, "This is not a fit match, and I cannot agree to its taking place; but since we are come to the church, the bride shall choose for herself." Upon this he put his horn to his mouth, and blew a blast, when in came the four-and-twenty archers, and Allan-a-dale with them. Robin Hood then turned to the maiden, and said, "Now, my dear, you are free; tell me frankly whom you will choose for your husband; will you have this gouty old knight, or will you rather have one of these bold

young fellows you see before you?" "Were I to choose," said the maiden, turning round, and catching the eye of her lover, "I should give my hand to young Allan-a-dale, who has courted me for seven long years." "Then," said Robin Hood, "you and Allan shall be married before we leave this house." "That cannot be," said the Bishop, "for the law requires that they should be asked three times in church, and it will never do to huddle up a marriage this way."

"If that is all," said Robin Hood, "we will soon settle the matter." He then took the Bishop's gown off from him, and put it on Little John, to whom he said, laughing, "Indeed you make a very grave parson;" then handing him the book, he said, "You had better ask them seven times, lest three times should not be enough." Robin Hood then stepped up to the altar, and gave away the maiden to Allan-a-dale; while the Bishop slunk out of the church, and the old knight hobbled after him as well as he could. The company then retired to Sherwood Forest, and had a jolly dinner on two fat bucks; and from that day onwards Allan-a-dale and Robin Hood were fast friends.

The Bishop of Hereford thus became Robin Hood's most deadly foe, and often took excursions into Sherwood Forest with a number of his servants, in the hope of finding Robin Hood by himself, with the intention of taking him prisoner to Nottingham. On one of these occasions, the Bishop and his party were surrounded by Robin Hood and his men in the middle of the wood. Robin rode up to the Bishop and said, "My Lord, you must dine with me to-day, under my bower in merry Barnsdale. I cannot feast you like a bishop, but I can give you venison and wine, and I hope you will be content." The Bishop dared not of course refuse, so away they rode to Barnsdale.

After dinner, Robin Hood bade the music strike up, and insisted on the Bishop dancing a hornpipe in his boots, and to this the poor Bishop was at last forced to submit.

By this time the day was far gone, and the Bishop and his party asked leave to return home. "You have treated me very nobly," said he to Robin Hood, "and I suppose I must pay for it. Tell me how much?" "Lend me your purse,

master," said Little John, stepping forward, "and I will settle with you." Upon this he spread the Bishop's cloak on the grass, and opening his bag, he counted out five hundred pounds. "Now," said Robin Hood, "we thank you for your company; and to shew you that we know how to be polite, we shall see you part of the way home." Robin Hood and his men then led the Bishop and his party through the forest, and setting them on their way with three cheers, Robin bade the Bishop remember that though he had come into the forest intending to have them all hanged, they had yet done him no harm.

One day, as Robin Hood and his men were leaping and roaming about in a merry humour in Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood cried to his followers, "Now, my good fellows, do you think there is any man that could wrestle or play at quarter-staff with me, or kill a buck so sure as I can?"

Upon this one of the men, called Will Scarlet, stepped forward and said, "If you wish to meet with your match, I can tell you where you

can find him." "Who?" asked Robin Hood. "There is a friar in Fountain Abbey," said Will Scarlet, "who can draw a strong bow against any man; he can handle a quarter-staff too, I am told, and will beat you and all your yeomen set in a row."

When Robin Hood heard this, he could not rest till he had seen the friar; so, slinging his bow across his shoulder, and taking his quarter-staff in his hand, away he went to Fountain Dale. He had not gone very far, when he saw a tall, brawny friar rambling along by the water-side. Whenever Robin Hood saw him, he guessed this would be the man whom he was seeking; so going up to him, Robin said, "Carry me over this water, thou brawny friar, or I will crack thy crown." The friar, without saying a word, stooped, and took Robin Hood on his back, and carried him safely to the other side. Robin was going away, when the friar called after him, "Stop, my fine fellow, and carry me over this water, or it will breed thee pain." Robin took the friar on his back in silence, and crossed over to the other side

again. When the friar had jumped off, Robin said to him, "Now, as you are double my weight, it is but fair I should have two rides for your one; so carry me back again." The friar again took Robin on his back without saying a word; but when he reached the middle of the stream, he pitched him into the water, and called out, "Now, my fine fellow, let 's see whether you 'll sink or swim." When Robin got to the bank, he said to the friar, "I see you are worthy to be my match." He then sounded his bugle-horn, which summoned his followers, when he told the friar who he was, and asked him to join their band.

"If there 's an archer among you that can beat me at the long bow, then I'll be your man," said Friar Tuck; and pointing to a hawk that was flying at some distance, he added, "I'll kill it, and he who can strike it again before it falls, will be the better man of the two." Little John at once accepted the challenge. The arrows flew off, and when the dead bird came down, it was found that the friar's arrow had pinioned the bird's wings, whilst Little John's

arrow had struck the bird right through the centre of the body; so Friar Tuck owned himself outdone, and there and then he joined himself to Robin Hood's merry band of yeomen.

The whole country round now rang with Robin Hood's merry pranks. But Robin was not very easy in his mind; he knew very well that his way of life was against the laws of the land, and that if he were once caught, it would go very hard with him; so he began to wish that he could have an opportunity to change his manner of life, and return to his native village.

He therefore took an early opportunity of sending a handsome present to Queen Eleanor, who was the mother of King Richard. The Queen was so much pleased with Robin Hood's present, that she was heard to say, "If I live another year, I will be a friend to Robin Hood and his gallant men."

Shortly after this, King Richard made a great match at his court for archery. Queen Eleanor remembered her promise to befriend Robin Hood, and sent a messenger privately to Sherwood Forest to invite Robin and his

yeomen to take the part of her champions at the great match.

On the day which had been fixed for the match, there was a grand turn out at court. The King's bowmen, who were accounted the best archers in all England, were ranged on one side, and on the other side were ranged the Queen's champions, who, it was observed, were all strangers. Before the match began, the King declared what the prize was to be, and soon the noblemen and gentlemen of court were found eagerly betting, but they were almost all in favour of the King's men. "Is there no knight who will venture his money on my side?" said Queen Eleanor. "Come hither to me, Sir Robert Lee, thou art a knight of high descent." But Sir Robert Lee most politely begged to be excused.

The Queen made another appeal, and this time to the Bishop of Hereford. "Come hither to me, thou Bishop of Hereford, for thou art a noble priest." "By my silver mitre," said the Bishop, "I will not bet a single penny." "If thou wilt not bet on the Queen's

side," said Robin Hood, "what wilt thou bet on the King's?" "On the King's side," replied the Bishop, "I will venture all the money in my purse." Now this happened to be a hundred pounds, and Robin Hood put a bag of equal value beside it.

When the match was about to begin, the Queen stepped up to the King, and said, "I must ask a boon of thee before the trial begins." "What is it?" asked the King. "That you will not be angry with any of my party," said the Queen; "and that they shall be free to remain at court all the time of the match, and then be allowed forty days to retire."

The King at once agreed to these conditions. The keepers of the ground then began to mark the distances, when the King's bowmen cried out, "Oh, measure no mark for us; we can shoot at the sun and the moon." Before they had ended shooting, they found how foolishly they had boasted. At the first round, the King's bowmen shot so well that several arrows were placed in the inner ring of

the target, and at last one of them, named Hubert, shot an arrow which lighted in the very centre of the bull's eye. The people shouted, "A Hubert ! a Hubert !"

Robin Hood looked quite pleased to see so good a shot, and said, "I can't get *nearer* the centre than that, but I'll get *as near*, I'll notch his shaft for him ;" so letting fly his arrow, it lighted right on the top of Hubert's, splitting it to shivers, and stuck in its place. The people were amazed, and cried that there never had been such archery in England.

Robin Hood then went to a willow bush near, and cutting a wand about the thickness of a man's thumb, he placed it at the end of the field, saying, "A boy with a headless arrow might hit yonder target, but the man who can cleave that rod I hold him fit to bear a bow before the best in the land."

The King's bowmen would not attempt to shoot at such a mark, and Hubert said, "I might as well shoot at a sunbeam as at a white stick I can hardly see ;" but Robin Hood cleft the rod again and again with his arrows, and the prize and all the money were given to him.

Says the Bishop of Hereford, "I know very well who these fellows are; they are Robin Hood and his men." The King replied, "Had I known that, I would not have granted them leave to depart, but I cannot break my word." The King then ordered a noble feast for Robin Hood and his yeomen, and sent them away with honour.

King Richard was very fond of archery, and often thought of Robin Hood and his yeomen. He had heard of many of their generous actions, and greatly admired their gallantry. "If I could but get these men to become my faithful subjects," he thought to himself, "what a pride they would be to my court!"

At length he thought of going in disguise to see Robin Hood, and hoped that something might come out of his visit. He called twelve lords of his court, and told them his intention; he and his lords then dressed themselves like monks, and rode away to Sherwood Forest.

Robin Hood saw the band coming, and thinking that they were monks, he resolved to attack them when they had come a little further

into the forest. Accordingly, a few minutes afterwards, Robin Hood jumped in front of the little company, and seizing the king's horse by the bridle, said, sternly, "Abbot, I bid you stand ; it was a priest that first worked my ruin, and I have sworn to spare none of his fellows." "But we are on the King's errand," said Richard. "God save the King, and confound all his foes," said Robin Hood, letting go his hold of the bridle. "Thou cursest thyself," said the King, "for thou art a robber and an outlaw." "If thou wert not his servant," replied Robin Hood, "I would say you lie, for I have never taken from an honest man, but only from those who live on other people's earnings, while all the poor for miles around are the better for me."

Robin Hood then blew his bugle-horn, when his yeomen came marching all in a row, "You would not be used so," continued Robin to the disguised King, "were you not the King's messenger ; but for King Richard's sake, if you had ever so much money, I would not deprive you of a penny."

Robin Hood then invited the strangers to

dinner, and after dinner the King said to Robin, "Would you not like, my brave fellow, to secure the King's pardon? and could you set your mind to become a true and useful subject?" "To tell you the truth, my friend," said Robin Hood, "I am quite tired of this lawless life, indeed I never loved it; and were King Richard to take me into his favour, I assure you he should never have reason to repent it, but he would find me to be one of his most faithful subjects."

"I am King Richard," said the stranger.

Robin Hood and his men were for a few moments speechless with astonishment, and fell down on their knees before him. "Stand up, my brave men," said the King, "you have been robbers and you should not have been such; but you say you are well disposed, and have power and skill to do me service; I freely grant to every one of you my pardon. No account of the past shall be demanded of you, only take care that you behave yourselves in future in such a manner as that I may never have reason to repent my present kindness to you."

THE THREE BEARS.

ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, which lived together in a house of their own, in a wood.

One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear, one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear.

They had each a pot for their porridge; the Little, Small, Wee Bear had a little wee pot, the Middle-sized Bear, had a middle-sized pot, and the Great, Huge Bear had a great big pot. They had each a chair to sit in; the Little, Small, Wee Bear, had a little wee chair, the Middle-sized Bear had a middle-sized chair, and the Great, Huge Bear had a great big chair. And they had each a bed to sleep in; the Little, Small, Wee Bear had a little, wee bed,

"Out little Silver-hair jumped, and away she ran to the wood."

The Three Bears.

the Middle-sized Bear had a middle-sized bed, and the Great, Huge Bear had a great big bed.

One morning, after they had made the porridge for their breakfasts, and filled their porridge pots, they walked out together into the wood, while their porridge was cooling; and being very good bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that anybody would harm them, they had, according to the usual custom, left their door unfastened.

While they walked, a pretty little girl, called Silverhair, who was playing in the wood, came to the house. She first looked in at the window, and then she peeped in through the keyhole, and seeing nobody in the house, she ventured to lift the latch, when the door opened, and in she went, and well pleased she was to see the porridge standing on the table. Now, if she had been a good little girl, she might have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast, for they were very good-natured and hospitable, though a little rough, as the manner of

bears is. But she went straight up to the table on which the porridge was set, and first she tasted that of the Great, Huge Bear, in the great big pot, and that was too hot for her; and then she tasted the porridge in the middle-sized pot, and that was too cold for her; she then went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in the little wee pot, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right, and so nice, that she ate it all up. Little Silverhair then sat down in the great big chair of the Great, Huge Bear, but that was too hard for her; she then sat down in the chair of the Middle-sized Bear, but that was too soft for her; so she seated herself in the little wee chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and as that was neither too hard nor too soft for her, she sat still in it, till at last the bottom of the chair came out, and down came she plump upon the ground.

Little Silverhair went next into the bed-chamber of the Three Bears; and first she lay down upon the great big bed of the Great, Huge Bear, but that was too high at the head

for her; she then went into the bed of the Middle-sized Bear, and that was too high at the foot for her; and then she lay down on the little wee bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that being neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but very comfortable, she covered herself up very snugly, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears, thinking that their porridge would be cold enough, had returned home. Now, little Silverhair had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear standing in his porridge, and he seeing this, cried out, in his great, rough voice—

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!"

Upon this the Middle-sized Bear looked at his porridge, and seeing the spoon standing in it also, cried out, in his middle voice—

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY PORRIDGE!"

The Little, Small, Wee Bear then looked at his porridge-pot, and lo! though the spoon was there, the porridge was all gone, so he too cried out, in his little, small, wee voice—

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"

The Three Bears, seeing that the Little, Small, Wee Bear's porridge was all eaten up, guessed that some one had entered their house in their absence, and so they began to look about them. Now, little Silverhair had forgot to put the cushions of the chairs straight again when she left them, and the Great, Huge Bear, spying his cushion all ruffled, cried out, in his great rough, gruff voice—

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

The Middle-sized Bear then looked at his cushion, and seeing it all pressed down, cried out, in his middle voice—

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!"

Upon this the Little, Small, Wee Bear went to look at his cushion, and soon called out, in his little, small, wee voice—

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it."

The Three Bears then thought of making further search, and went into their bedroom.

Now, little Silverhair had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place, and he seeing this, cried out, in his great rough, gruff voice—

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"

Little Silverhair had also pulled the bolster of the Middle-sized Bear out of its place, so he cried out, in his middle voice—

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!"

The Little, Small, Wee Bear then went to look at his bed, and there were the bolster and the pillow in their right enough places, but there also upon the pillow was little Silverhair's head, which certainly was not in its proper place, for she had no business there. The Little, Small, Wee Bear then cried out, in perfect astonishment—

"*Somebody has been lying in my bed,—and here she is!*"

Little Silverhair had heard in her sound sleep the great rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear, but it seemed to her like the roaring of the wind, or the rumbling of thunder;

she had heard also the middle voice of the Middle-sized Bear, but it was only as if some one was speaking in a dream; but when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started, and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, out she tumbled at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like tidy bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning,—so out little Silverhair jumped, and away she ran to the wood, and the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

"His coat and breeches were made with pride,
A tailor's needle hung by his side,
A mouse for a horse he used to ride."

Tom Thumb.

TOM THUMB.

In the days of the celebrated King Arthur, King of Britain, there lived a great magician, called Merlin, the most skilful enchanter in the world at that time.

This great magician, was travelling in the disguise of a beggar, and being much fatigued, he stopped at the cottage of an honest ploughman to rest himself, and asked for some refreshment.

The ploughman's wife gave him a hearty welcome; and brought him some milk in a wooden bowl and some coarse brown bread on a platter.

Merlin was much pleased with the kindness of the ploughman and his wife; but he could not help observing, that, though every thing

was neat and comfortable in the cottage, they seemed both to be very sorrowful and unhappy. He therefore questioned them about the cause of their melancholy, and learned that they were miserable because they had no children.

The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she would be the happiest creature in the world if she had a son, although he was no bigger than her husband's thumb.

Merlin was so much amused with the idea of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, that he determined to pay a visit to the Queen of the Fairies, and ask her to gratify the wishes of the poor woman. When he had accomplished his journey, Merlin, being very intimate with Queen Mab, told her the purpose of his visit.

The droll fancy of such a little personage among the human race, pleased the Queen of the Fairies exceedingly, and she told Merlin that the wish of the poor woman should be granted. Accordingly, by and by, the ploughman's wife had a son, who, wonderful to relate, was exactly the size of his father's thumb.

The Queen of the Fairies, who was watching

the little fellow, came in at the window while the mother was admiring him. The Queen kissed the child, giving it the name of Tom Thumb; she then sent for some of the fairies, to dress her little favourite.

An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown,
His shirt it was by spiders spun,
With jacket wove of thistle's down;
His trousers were of feathers done;
His stockings of apple rind, they tie
With eyelash pluck'd from his mother's eye;
His shoes were made of mouse's skin,
Nicely tann'd with the hair within.

It is remarkable that Tom never grew any bigger than his father's thumb, which was only of an ordinary size; but as he got older, he became very cunning, and sly, and full of tricks which his mother did not correct him for. When he was old enough to play with the boys, and had lost all his own cherry-stones, he used to creep into the bags of his playfellows, fill his pockets, and getting out again, join in the game.

One day, however, as he was coming out of a bag of cherry-stones, which he had been steal-

ing from, as usual, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him. "Ah, ha! my little Tom Thumb," said the boy, "so I have caught you stealing my cherry-stones at last; I shall pay you off for your thievish tricks." Saying this, he drew the string of the bag tight round his neck, and gave it such a hearty shake, that Tom's legs, thighs, and body were very sadly bruised. He roared with pain, and begged to be let out, promising never to do such things again.

Shortly afterwards, Tom's mother was making a batter-pudding, and he being very anxious to see how she made it, climbed up to the edge of the bowl; but his foot slipped, and he plumped over head and ears into the batter, unobserved by his mother, who poured it and him into the pudding-bag, which she then popped into the pot to boil.

Tom's mouth was filled with the batter, which kept him at first from crying; but as soon as the water began to grow hot, he kicked and struggled with all his might, so that his mother, seeing the pudding bouncing up and down in such a fashion, thought it was be-

witched, and instantly lifting it out of the pot, she ran with it to the door. A poor tinker, who was passing by, was glad to take the pudding, and putting it into his wallet, he walked off. As Tom had now got his mouth cleared of the batter, he began to cry aloud, which so frightened the tinker, that he flung down the pudding, and ran away. The pudding was broken to pieces by the fall, so Tom crept out, and with difficulty walked home. His mother, who was very sorry to see her darling in such a woful state, put him into a cup, and soon washed off the batter; she then kissed him, and put him to bed.

Tom's mother one day went to milk her cow in the meadow, and took him along with her. As it was a very windy day, for fear of his being blown away, she tied him to a thistle with a needleful of fine thread. But the cow soon observed the oak-leaf hat, and, taking a fancy to it, she took poor Tom and the thistle up at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle, Tom, terrified at her great teeth, which threatened to crush him to pieces, roared

out as loud as he could bawl, "Mother, mother!" "Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said his mother.

"Here, mother, here, in the red cow's mouth."

His mother began to cry and wring her hands in despair; but the cow, surprised at the odd noise in her throat, opened her mouth, and let Tom drop out. His mother caught him in her apron as he was falling, or he might have been dreadfully hurt. She then took Tom in her arms, and ran home with him.

Tom's father made him a whip of a barley-straw to drive the cattle with, and having one day gone into the fields, he slipped his foot and rolled into a deep furrow. A raven that was flying over, picked up the barley with poor little Tom along with it, and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle by the sea-side and there left him.

Old Grumbo, the giant, coming out to walk on the terrace, seeing Tom, he took him up and swallowed him like a pill.

The giant had no sooner swallowed Tom, than he began to repent what he had done; for

Tom began to kick and jump about so much that the giant felt very uncomfortable, and at last threw him up into the sea. A large fish swallowed Tom as he fell. This fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur. When they opened the fish, every one was astonished at the sight of little Tom. They carried him to the King, who made Tom his dwarf, and he soon became a great favourite at court; for, by his merry pranks he amused the King and Queen, and all the Knights of the Round Table.

When the King rode out on horseback, he frequently took Tom along with him; and if a shower came on, he used to creep into his Majesty's waistcoat-pocket, where he slept till the rain was over.

King Arthur one day questioned Tom about his parents, and asked if they were as small as himself. Tom replied that his father and mother were as big as any of the persons about court, but were rather poor. On hearing this, the King took Tom to his treasury, where he kept all his money, and told him to take as

much of it as he could carry home to his parents, which made the little fellow caper with joy. Tom went immediately and got a little purse, made of a soap-bubble, and returned to the treasury, where he got a silver threepenny-piece put into it, and after some difficulty lifted it upon his back.

Tom travelled two days and two nights with the huge silver piece on his back, and was almost tired to death, when he saw his mother run out to meet him.

Tom's parents were overjoyed to see him, especially as he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him. The poor little fellow was excessively wearied. So his mother placed him in a walnut-shell by the fireside, and feasted him for three days on a hazel-nut, which made him very sick; for a whole nut used to last him a month.

Tom soon recovered, and thought it was time to return to court; but as there had been a heavy fall of rain, and the ground was so wet, he could not travel back to King Arthur; therefore his mother, one

day, when the wind was blowing in that direction, made a little balloon of fine cambric paper, and tying Tom to it, she gave him a puff into the air with her mouth, which soon carried him to the King's palace. The King's court were happy to see Tom again, and he delighted them by his dexterity at tilts and tournaments. At length his exertions to please them brought on such a severe fit of illness, that his life was despaired of. But his friend, the Queen of the Fairies, hearing of his illness, came in a chariot drawn by flying mice, and placing Tom by her side, she drove through the air till they arrived at her palace. After restoring him to health, and shewing him all the diversions of Fairy Land, the Queen commanded a fair wind to rise, on which she placed Tom, and blew him straight to the palace of King Arthur.

Just at the time when Tom came flying into the court-yard of the palace, the cook happened to be passing with the King's great bowl of his favourite soup, furmenty, (a dish his Majesty was very fond of), so poor Tom

fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty about the cook's face.

Down went the bowl. "Oh dear!" cried Tom. "Murder!" cried the cook.

The cook, who was an ill-natured fellow, being in a terrible rage at Tom for scalding him with the furmenty, went straight to the King, and swore that Tom had done all this out of mere mischief. The King was so enraged, that he ordered Tom to be seized and tried for high treason; he was found guilty, and sentenced by the judge to be beheaded.

Just as this dreadful sentence was pronounced, poor Tom, seeing no other means of escape, and observing a miller close by, gaping with his great mouth, he took a leap, and fairly jumped down his throat. This exploit was done with such agility, that not one person present, not even the miller, knew of it. Now, as Tom could not be found, the court broke up, and the miller went home to his mill.

When Tom heard the mill at work, he knew he was safe, and began to tumble and roll about, so that the poor miller could get no rest,

thinking he was bewitched; so he sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing; which so alarmed the doctor, that he sent in haste for five other doctors and twenty learned men.

They debated so long upon the cause of this extraordinary occurrence, that the tired miller began to yawn heartily, when Tom, seizing the opportunity, made a jump, and alighted safely on the middle of the table.

The miller, much provoked at being tormented by such a little pigmy creature, fell into a terrible rage; and seizing Tom, he opened the window, and threw him into the river.

A large salmon swimming along at the time saw him fall, and snapped him up in a moment as he would a fly.

A fisherman caught the salmon, and sold it in the market to the steward of a great lord. The nobleman thought the fish so uncommonly fine, that he made a present of it to King Arthur, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the salmon, he found poor Tom, and ran directly to the

King with him; but his Majesty, being busy with state affairs, ordered him to be taken away and kept safely till he sent for him.

The cook was resolved that Tom should not slip out of his hands this time, so he put him into a mouse-trap, where he remained a week, when he was sent for by King Arthur, who pardoned him, and took him again into favour.

On account of his wonderful feats, Tom was knighted by the King, and went under the name of the redoubted Sir Thomas Thumb.

As Tom's clothes were getting very much worn, his Majesty presented him with a new suit, and ordered him to be mounted like a knight.

His shirt was made of butterflies' wings,
His boots were made of chicken's skins,
His coat and breeches were made with pride,
A tailor's needle hung by his side,
A mouse for a horse he used to ride.

It was diverting to see Tom thus mounted, as he rode a-hunting with the King and nobility, who laughed greatly at Tom and his fine prancing steed.

One day, as they were riding by a farm-

house, a large cat jumped out, and seized both Tom and his steed. But Tom boldly drew his sword, and attacked the cat so fiercely that she let them both fall, when one of the nobles came to the rescue; but poor Tom was sadly scratched and torn by the cat, he was carried home, and laid on a bed of down, in a little ivory cabinet.

The Queen of the Fairies came soon after to pay Tom a visit, and carried him back to Fairy Land, where he remained several years. During his residence there, King Arthur and all the persons who knew Tom had died. At last the Fairy Queen, after dressing him in a new suit of clothes of bright green, sent him flying through the air to the earth. King Thunstone now reigned as the successor of King Arthur. People flocked from far and near to see him, and being carried to the King, he was asked who he was—whence he came—and where he lived? Tom answered—

"My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I 've come:
When King Arthur above,
This court was my home;
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted:
Did you never hear of Sir Thomas Thumb?"

The King was so charmed with this address, that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit upon his table, and also a palace of gold, a span high, with a door an inch wide, for Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach drawn by six small mice.

The Queen was so enraged because she did not get a coach too, that she resolved to ruin Tom; so she told the King that the little knight had been saucy to her. The King sent for Tom in great rage; but knowing the danger of royal anger, he crept into an empty snail-shell, and lay there until he was almost starved. At last he ventured to peep out, and seeing a large butterfly on the ground, he approached cautiously, and placing himself astride on it, was carried up by it into the air. The butterfly flew with him from tree to tree, and from field to field, and at last he flew to the King's court. The King, the Queen, and all the nobility strove to catch the butterfly, but in vain. At last poor Tom fell from his seat into a watering-pan, in which he was found almost drowned.

When the Queen saw him, she vowed he should be beheaded; and he was again put into a mouse-trap till his trial should take place. However, a cat, seeing something alive in the trap, knocked it about till the wires broke, and set Tom at liberty.

The King received Tom again into favour; but his days were numbered, for a large spider one day attacked him, and although he drew his sword and fought valiantly, yet the spider's poisonous breath at last overcame him.

He fell down on the ground where he stood,
And the spider sucked every drop of his blood.

King Thunstone and his whole court went into mourning for Tom, and raised a nice white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph :—

Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by a spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport;
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a hunting went;
Alive he fill'd the court with mirth;
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,
And cry—Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!

HISTORY OF

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

In the reign of the famous King Edward the Third, there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young, so that he was left a dirty, ragged little fellow running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was in a sorry plight; he got but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast; for the people who lived in the village were very poor themselves, and could spare him little more than the parings of potatoes, and now and then a hard crust.

"The Cat at sight of them, did not wait for bidding, but sprang from the captain's arms, and in a few moments laid the greater part of the rats and mice dead at her feet."

Whittington and his Cat.

For all this, Dick Whittington was a very sharp boy, and was always listening to what every one talked about, and storing up the information in his memory.

On Sundays he never failed to get near the farmers, as they sat on the tombstones in the churchyard, talking before the parson was come; and once a-week you might be sure to see little Dick leaning against the sign-post of the village ale-house, where people stopped to drink as they came from the next market-town; and whenever the barber's shop-door was open, Dick listened to all the news that passed between him and his customers.

In this manner, Dick heard of the great city of London; how the people who lived there were all fine gentlemen and ladies; that there were singing and music in it all day long; and that the streets were paved with gold.

One day a waggoner, with a large waggon and eight horses, all with bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was lounging near his favourite sign-post. The thought immediately struck him, that it must

be going to the fine town of London; and taking courage, he asked the waggoner to let him walk with him by the side of the waggon. The man, hearing from poor Dick that he had no father or mother living, and seeing by his ragged condition that he could not be worse off than he was, told him he might go if he would; so they set off together.

The waggoner was very kind to him by the way, and when Dick was tired and footsore, he would allow him to take a seat on the waggon.

Dick got safe to London; and so eager was he to see the fine streets paved all over with gold, that he quite forgot to thank the waggoner, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him through several streets, expecting every moment to come to those that were paved with gold. Dick had three times seen a guinea in his own village, and observed what a great deal of money it brought in change; so he imagined he had only to take up some little bits of the pavement, to have as much money as he wanted.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired, and at last, finding it grow dark, and that whichever way he turned he saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner, and cried himself asleep.

Little Dick remained all night in the streets; and next morning, finding himself very hungry, he got up and walked about, asking those he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving; but scarcely any one staid to answer him, and only two or three gave him anything; so that the poor boy was soon in a most miserable plight. At last, being almost starved to death, he laid himself down at the door of a fine house, which belonged to Mr Fitzwarren, a great rich merchant. Here he was found by the cook-maid, an ill-tempered creature, who happened just then to be very busy preparing dinner for her master and mistress; so seeing poor Dick, she called out, "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? There is nothing else but beggars. If you do not take yourself away, we will see how you will like a sousing of some dish-water I have here that is hot enough to make you caper."

Just at this moment Mr Fitzwarren himself came home from the city to dinner, and seeing a dirty ragged boy lying at the door, said to him, "Why do you lie there, my lad? You seem old enough to work. I fear you must be somewhat idle." "No, indeed, sir," says Whittington, "that is not the case, for I would work with all my heart; but I know nobody, and I am very sick for want of food." "Poor fellow!" answered Mr Fitzwarren, "get up and let us see what's the matter with you."

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand; for he had eaten scarcely anything for three days, and was no longer able to run about and beg a halfpenny of people in the streets; so the kind merchant ordered that he should be taken into the house, and have a good dinner immediately, and that he should be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happily in this good family, had it not been for the crabbed cook, who was finding fault and scolding at him from morning till night; and was withal so fond of basting, that, when she

had no meat to baste, she would be at basting poor Dick's head and shoulders with a broom or anything else that happened to fall in her way. At last her ill-usage of him was told to Miss Alice, Mr Fitzwarren's daughter, who asked the ill-tempered creature if she was not ashamed to use a little friendless boy so cruelly; and added, that she would certainly be turned away if she did not treat him with more kindness.

But though the cook was so ill-tempered, Mr Fitzwarren's footman was quite the contrary: he had lived in the family many years, was rather elderly, and had once a little boy of his own. who died when about the age of Whittington; so he could not but feel compassion for the poor boy.

As the footman was very fond of reading, he often used in the evening to entertain his fellow servants, when they had done their work, with some amusing book. The pleasure our little hero took in hearing him read, made him wish very much to learn to read too; so one day, when the good-natured footman gave him a halfpenny, he bought a horn-book with it;

and, with a little of his help, Dick soon learned his letters, and afterwards to read.

About this time Miss Alice was going out one morning for a walk; and the footman happening to be out of the way, little Dick, who had received from Mr Fitzwarren a neat suit of clothes, to go to church on Sundays, was ordered to put them on, and walk behind her. As they walk along, Miss Alice, seeing a poor woman with one child in her arms, and another at her back, pulled out her purse, and gave some money; and as she was putting the purse again into her pocket, she dropped it on the ground, and walked on. Luckily Dick, who was behind, saw what she had done, picked it up, and immediately presented it to her.

Besides the ill-humour of the cook, which now, however, was somewhat mended, Whittington had another hardship to endure. This was that his bed, which was of flock, was placed in a garret, where there were many holes in the floor and walls, and he never went to bed without being awakened in his sleep by great numbers of rats and mice, which often

ran over his face, and made such a noise, that he sometimes thought the walls were tumbling down about him. Dick thought very often of how to get rid of this annoyance.

One day, a gentleman who paid a visit to Mr Fitzwarren, happened to have dirtied his shoes, and begged they might be cleaned. Dick took great pains to make them shine, and the gentleman gave him a penny. This he resolved to lay out in buying a cat, if possible; and the next day, seeing a little girl with a cat under her arm, he went up to her, and asked if she would let him have it for a penny; to which the girl replied, she would with all her heart, for her mother had more cats than she could feed; adding, that the one she had was an excellent mouser.

This cat Whittington kept in the garret, always taking care to carry her a part of his dinner: and in a short time he had no further disturbance from rats and mice, but slept as soundly as he could desire.

Soon after this, the merchant, who had a ship ready to sail, richly laden, for a far away country, and thinking it would be nice

that all his servants should have some chance for good fortune as well as himself, called them into the parlour, and asked them what they chose to send.

All gave something they were willing to venture, but poor Whittington, who, having no money nor goods, could send nothing at all, for which reason he did not come into the parlour with the rest. Miss Alice, guessing what was the matter, ordered him to be called, and offered to lay down some money for him from her own purse; but this, the merchant oberved, would not do, for it must be something of Dick's own.

Upon this poor Dick said, he had nothing but a cat which he bought for a penny that was given him.

"Fetch thy cat, boy," says Mr Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Whittington brought poor puss, and delivered her to the captain with tears in his eyes; for he said, "He should now again be kept awake all night by the rats and mice."

All the company laughed at the oddity of Whittington's adventure; and Miss Alice, who

felt the greatest pity for the poor boy, gave him some halfpence to buy another cat.

This and several other marks of kindness shewn him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook so jealous of the favours the poor boy received, that she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and constantly made game of him for sending his cat to sea; asking him, if he thought it would sell for as much money as would buy a stick to thrash him with.

At last, the little fellow, being unable to bear this treatment any longer, determined to run away from his place: he accordingly packed up the few things that belonged to him, and set out very early in the morning on All-hallow Day, which is the first of November. He travelled as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's stone, and began to consider what road he should take.

While he was thus thinking what he could do, Bow-bells, of which there were then only six, began to ring; and it seemed to him that their sounds said to him:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" says he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would bear any thing to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach! Well, I'll go back, and think nothing of all the cuffing and scolding of old Cicely, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last."

So back went Dick, and luckily got into the house, and set about his business, before Cicely came down stairs.

The ship, with the cat on board, was long beaten about at sea, and was at last driven by contrary winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors, that were never visited by the English.

The natives of this country came in great numbers, out of curiosity, to see the people on board, who were all so different a colour from themselves, and treated them with great civility; and as they became better acquainted, shewed great eagerness to purchase the fine things with which the ship was laden.

The Captain seeing this, sent patterns of the choicest articles he had to the King, who was

so much pleased with them, that he sent for the Captain and his chief mate to the palace. Here they were placed, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets flowered with gold and silver: and the King and Queen being seated at the upper end of the room dinner was brought in, which consisted of the greatest rarities. No sooner, however, were the dishes set before the company, than an amazing number of rats and mice rushed in, and helped themselves plentifully from every dish, scattering pieces of meat and gravy all about the room.

The Captain, extremely astonished, asked if these vermin were not very offensive.

"Oh, yes," said they, "very offensive; and the King would give half his treasure to be free of them; for they not only destroy his dinner, but they disturb him even in his bedroom, so that he is obliged to be watched while sleeping."

The Captain was ready to jump for joy, remembering poor Whittington's cat, and said he had a creature on board his ship that would destroy all the rats and mice in the kingdom.

The King was still more overjoyed than the Captain. "Bring this creature to me," says

he; "and if she can really perform what you say, I will load your ship with wedges of gold in exchange for her."

Away flew the Captain to the ship, while another dinner was preparing, and taking puss under his arm in a basket, returned to the palace in time to see the table covered with rats and mice, and the second dinner in a fair way to meet with the same fate as the first.

The cat, at sight of them, did not wait for a bidding, but sprang from the basket, and in a few moments laid the greater part of the rats and mice dead at her feet, while the rest, in the greatest fright imaginable, scampered away to their hiding-holes.

The Captain then took up puss and brought her to the Queen, telling her how quiet and affectionate she was. The Queen was at first very frightened to touch an animal who had shewn such terrible powers. But in a little, emboldened by the cat's evident quietness, she ventured to stroke her on the back. Pussy no sooner felt her hand than she jumped on the Queen's knee, and commenced purring, to her great delight.

The King, having seen all the doings of the

wonderful Mrs Puss, and being informed she would soon have young ones, which might in time destroy all the rats and mice in the country, was resolved to buy her at any price, so he agreed to give a prodigious quantity of wedges of gold, of great value, for the cat; and he afterwards bought from the Captain his whole ship's cargo.

The Captain after taking leave of their Majesties, set sail with a fair wind for England, and, after a prosperous voyage, arrived safely in the port of London.

One morning, Mr Fitzwarren had just entered his counting-house, and was going to seat himself at the desk, when he heard a knock at the door; he cried "Come in," when who should arrive but the captain and mate of the merchant-ship "The Unicorn" just arrived from the coast of Barbary, and followed by several men, bringing a prodigious quantity of wedges of gold, that had been given by the King of Barbary in payment for the merchandise, and also in exchange for Mrs Puss. Mr Fitzwarren, the instant he heard the news, ordered Whittington to be called, who at the time hap-

pened to be scouring the kettles, and having desired him to be seated, said, "Mr Whittington, most heartily do I rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you. The Captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you in return more riches than I possess in the whole world. Behold the wedges of gold, which are all yours. May you long enjoy them!"

Mr Fitzwarren then desired the men to open the immense treasures they had brought, and added, that Mr Whittington had now nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety.

Poor Dick could scarce contain himself for joy; he begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since to his kindness he was indebted for the whole. "No, no, this wealth is all your own, and justly so," answered Mr Fitzwarren, "and I have no doubt you will use it well."

Whittington, however, was too kind-hearted to keep all himself; and, accordingly, made a handsome present to the captain, the mate, and every one of the ship's company, and afterwards to his excellent friend the footman, and

the rest of Mr Fitzwarren's servants, not even excepting crabbed old Cicely.

After this, Mr Fitzwarren advised him to send for proper tradespeople, and get himself dressed as might become a gentleman, and made him the offer of his house to live in till he could provide himself with a better.

When Mr Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, his hat cocked, and he was dressed in a fashionable suit of clothes, he appeared as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had formerly thought of him with compassion, now considered him as fit to be her sweetheart; and the more so, because Mr Whittington was constantly thinking what he could do to please her, and making her the prettiest presents imaginable.

Mr Fitzwarren soon perceived their affection for each other, and as he had no objections to their union, the wedding-day was fixed shortly afterwards. They were attended to church by the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and a great number of the wealthiest merchants in London; and the cere-

mony was succeeded by a most elegant entertainment.

History tells us that Mr Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour, and were very happy; that they had several children; that he was Sheriff of London in the year 1340, and three times afterwards Lord Mayor; and in the last year of his mayoralty he entertained King Henry the Fifth, on his return from the battle of Agincourt. The King, on account of Whittington's princely hospitality, said, Never had a King such a subject, upon which Whittington replied, Never had subject such a King.

The King was so pleased with him, that he bestowed on him the honour of knighthood.

Sir Richard Whittington constantly supported great numbers of the poor: he built a church and a college, with a yearly allowance to poor scholars, and also erected an hospital; he died full of years and full of honours.

The effigy of Sir Richard Whittington was to be seen until lately with his cat in his arms, carved in stone over the archway of the late prison of Newgate.